The Nation.

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The Week.

THE effect of the passage of the Silver Bill in the Senate was to knock down the prices of almost everything at the Stock Exchange, including the price of silver bullion, and to put up the rate of sterling exchange to near the gold-shipping point, although, simultaneously with the advance of sterling, there was an importation of $200,000 gold shipped from the other side a week ago. This is the course of things in the business world which will become more pronounced and serious just in proportion as the public shall be of the opinion that the bill is likely to become a law. Enterprise will be, in fact has already been, checked in more than one direction. We know that the influx of capital from abroad has been, for the time being, stopped. The same reasons which impair confidence in our securities abroad will impair it at home, and stagnation will be the result. The promising prospects which ensued upon the termination of the recent semi-panic will be extinguished in a profounder gloom as the free-coinage policy progresses. The most we can hope for under the circumstances is, that the bill may be killed in the House or vetoed by the President, and a campaign started on the silver issue at once. Mr. Carl Schurz has furnished a valuable interview to the *World* on this point, in which he narrates an experience of his own. "I have always found," he says, "that when such fallacies, especially those having a streak of rascality in them, are intelligently discussed and vigorously exposed before the people, it will turn out that the American people, at least a majority of them, are much sounder in their principles than their pretended political leaders."

The friends of sound money ought to give the widest possible circulation to the speech delivered by John Sherman against the Free-Silver Bill on the 13th of January, and published in the *Congressional Record* of the 15th inst. It is at once a most cogent and powerful exposition of true doctrine on our financial issues, and a most unsparing and convincing exposure of the heresies now current. In closing, the Ohio Senator made an exceedingly strong appeal to his Democratic associates in the chamber, which, although it failed of immediate effect upon them, must have its influence upon their constituents. He reminded them that they "represent communities that have other interests than the mining camp"; he told them that they knew that "when you touch the Democratic heart, there is back of this expedient of the hour the strong and determined sympathy for the old ideas of Andrew Jackson"; he declared that "the common people of our country of both parties, as Mr. Lincoln called them, believe in hard money as the basis of all their affairs." He proceeded:

"Take the Eastern States represented by Democrats, and the Southern States. Are they willing to risk this sudden change? Is this a mere contrivance for the hour? But if you commit yourselves to this policy now, next year, when you have more responsibilities than now, you will feel the burden of that commitment. It is not necessary for me to remind you that during four years of a Democratic administration you did not dare propose any of these measures. You kept as quiet as possible. No Alliance then could have driven you into an arrangement for the free coinage of silver. You have the responsibilities now. The great party to which I belong, which for a quarter of a century and more has had the general control of the Government of our country, is willing, when you can get strength enough from our side or from any quarter to have a majority of this body, to transfer to you whatever power and responsibility exists, and upon you rests that responsibility—not upon the minority of our friends, not upon the few on our side who join in this movement, but upon that great and solid party which claims to have existed since the foundation of our Government. If you see your way clear to turn your backs upon the policy of Benton, and Jackson, and Jefferson, and Tilden, and Cleveland, do so; make your own terms; but, sir, in doing so you depart from the standards of the fathers, you depart from the teachings of the great men who laid the foundation of your powerful organization."

Senator Edmunds takes counsel of his fears when he gives up the fight against free coinage, and says that we shall have to stand the experiment. "The epidemic," he says, "is more general now than the one which was met by the Republican party when Gen. Grant was President, and which he checked with his veto message." Let us see. The Inflation Bill of 1874 was passed by a vote of 29 to 24 in a Senate of seventy-two members (two seats being then vacant), while free coinage the other day received 39 yeas to 27 nays in a Senate of eighty-eight members. The Democrats made a better showing in 1874 than in 1891, seven voting against inflation and only six in favor; but the Republicans were far more divided then than now, 22 being recorded for inflation and but 17 against (counting among the latter three "Liberal Republicans"), while last week there were only 15 Republicans for free coinage and 26 against. Both of the Republican Senators from Minnesota (one of them Mr. Windom), both of the Republican Senators from Iowa (one of them Mr. Allison), both of the Republican Senators from Illinois, one of the two from Michigan, and one of the two from Wisconsin, were victims of the "epidemic" of 1874, whereas that of 1891 has not a single victim from all of those great Western States. The admission of fourteen Republican Senators from seven new States since 1874 has helped the "cheap money" side a little, but not much, for six of the fourteen are against free coinage. The East is certainly as sound on the silver issue as on that of inflation, while in the great States of the West the outlook for a hopeful fight against a financial craze is far more encouraging now than it was seventeen years ago.

A movement has been started in Boston in favor of sound money which is deserving of imitation in every business community in the United States. It had its beginning in a call issued by Mayor Matthews for a conference to oppose the free coinage of silver. The call was non-partisan, and the leading Democrats as well as the leading Republicans of the State were included in the invitations. There can be no doubt that these gentlemen had been consulted beforehand and had given their adhesion to the movement. Their action will certainly arrest the attention of business men elsewhere, and ought to be followed up immediately by a similar meeting here. The success of the free-silver movement thus far has been due to the absence of organized opposition. An opposition which takes no step to make itself felt in legislation and administration is practically non-existent. Whatever its latent strength may be, its influence will be absolutely nil unless it takes form and shows fight. We believe that there is a sufficient body of public opinion in the country to beat the free-coinage bill and eventually to put an end to the present dangerous Silver Law (of which nobody is really in favor except as a compromise), if that public opinion is ever organized and properly directed.

The situation being what it is—we say it with sorrow and humiliation—the nomination of Hill for the Senate is probably the best disposition that could be made of him. We think it may be said advisedly that he is the first Governor of New York of whom all classes and conditions of men might reasonably and justly feel ashamed. The Governor's chair of this great State has on some occasions been won by means which nobody would venture to justify openly, and has been held by men of slender capacity and low aims. In this it has shared the fortune of all great places in all civilized countries. No community can always lay hold of the right man for any high office. But Hill is the only Governor of New York who, besides being bad, was not ashamed of his badness, and who openly and persistently allied himself with the worst elements of his party to make plunder of the public fortune. He is the only one who has organized the vicious and the corrupt for resistance to every attempt to improve political morals, and who has gloried in his success. It is only by considering what might have been done during the past six years for the purification of State politics by a Governor possessing Hill's capacity as a manager and Hill's power over his party, in the way of ballot reform—in the way of regulation of the liquor traffic, in the way of improving municipal government, in the way of discouraging intrigues for purposes of public plunder, in the way of creating, especially among the younger men, a better tone with regard to the end and aim of public office—that we get the full measure of Hill as a State curse.

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That the best and, indeed, the only way of getting rid of him should be the bestowal on him of the greatest honor the State has at its disposal, by sending him to the United States Senate, has an air of bouffe about it. It savors of the political arrangements of the Grand Duchy of Gerolstein, but there is really wisdom in it. It is not an expedient which brings tears of pride to the patriot's eye; but in an age which sees a notorious embezzler of the public money the manager of a great party and the representative in the Senate of a great State, our use of the Senate as a place of deposit for Hill must meet the indulgence of the sternest moralist. He is booked for a place where his powers for evil will be small, and where the feebleness of his intellectual powers, in the proper sense of that term, will speedily reduce him to comparative obscurity. The Senators are not just now a galaxy of talent, but they are not awed or dominated by low cunning.

Two useless Senators were laid on the shelf by the Republican party on Thursday —Blair of New Hampshire and Farwell of Illinois. Blair has been rather worse than useless, being really a dangerous crank. Whether his successor, Gallinger, will prove in any degree better cannot be safely predicted, but the doctrine of averages leads to the opinion that he cannot be worse. It is something in Gallinger's favor, too, that he has earned the severe reprobation of "Bill" Chandler in the domestic arrangements of the party in New Hampshire. Farwell has been useless as a Senator from the beginning. In fact, he never had any quality to commend him to the office except skill as a purveyor of patronage. Even here he failed under Harrison, because Harrison would not give him the offices he wanted. It is the business of a purveyor to purvey. If for any reason he fails in this, he ceases directly to be of any use. A non-purveyor may offer the excuse that the President would not listen to him, but it is the first requisite of the true dispenser of patronage to have patronage. The local beneficiaries will naturally and properly say that if the cow gives no milk, a new milker must be tried. Gov. Oglesby, who has received the caucus nomination, although not yet the election, is an ex-Senator of the "rough and ready" school, a man of good character and abilities, whose worst mistake in public life was playing with the East St. Louis rioters and incendiaries while he was Governor of the State, at a time when Gov. Rusk of Wisconsin was serving out cold lead to a similar mob in Milwaukee.

The letter from the Navy Department to Commander Reiter, refusing him a court-martial, is more unbecoming and even brutal in tone than the first one dismissing him from his ship. It could not be couched in more insolent and contemptuous language if he had surrendered in action without fighting, or fled before an inferior force, although its sole object and use was to inform him that he had failed to ask for a court-martial at the proper time, and that in any case he had no legal right to it. Somebody with a sense of social and official propriety ought to have been employed by Secretary Tracy to draft the letter in which this information was conveyed. The terms of the letter are the more reprehensible because it undertakes to pronounce Commander Reiter guilty of some legal offence which the Department has carefully refrained from defining. Neither he nor the public has, we venture to assert without having had any communication with him, ever been allowed to know what rule of international or municipal law he violated at San José on the 28th of August last. What the Department has to d him is that it disapproved of his conduct on that occasion, but for what legal reason it disapproved of it does not appear; and yet one of the reasons given for refusing him a court-martial is, "that, in determining questions of law arising upon undisputed facts, the Department does not require the assistance of a court-martial." But what "question of law" has the Department "determined"? Not one that it ventures to publish in black and white. We infer from its confused journalistic abuse of Commander Reiter for doing or not doing something or other at San José, that it believes the commander of a public ship can, in his discretion, resist the local police in executing a warrant on board an American merchant vessel in a foreign port; but it has not had the audacity to lay this down as a rule of any "law" known to civilized men. Nor has it ventured to say what was the breach of international obligation committed by the Guatemalan Government which Commander Reiter ought to have resisted by force, and for which the State Department ought to ask for satisfaction. The case has, however, an importance far transcending the particular injustice done to him. The official vituperation of him, confused though it be, will undoubtedly operate as an instruction to other officers to assume powers in foreign ports to which they have no legal right whatever, and the exercise of which may get us into serious international trouble, ending either in war or humiliating retreat. For this reason we sincerely trust that somebody in Congress will take the matter up and make it the subject of an inquiry. If this Congress has not the time, it ought not to be forgotten in the next, when there will be no difficulty in getting hold of Mr. Tracy and making him go publicly through his process of "determining questions of law arising on undisputed facts." It is of the highest public importance that his way of doing this should be examined.

There is a very interesting contest pending over the reappointment of Gen. Corse as Postmaster at Boston, whose term is about to expire. Gen. Corse was one of President Cleveland's appointments, and though vigorous efforts were made when President Harrison first came into office by partisan Republicans in Massachusetts to have him removed, they were not successful. He has been allowed to serve out his term, and has performed the duties of his office so acceptably that Boston citizens of all parties are now requesting his reappointment. This is the aspect of his case which is perplexing the President and good Mr. Wanamaker, and is causing untold annoyance to Senator Hoar, who, together with Henry Cabot Lodge, ex-Gov. Long, Congressman Greenhalge, Stove-Polisher Morse, and a few other Republicans of similar type, is in favor of having Gen. Corse's Superintendent of Mails appointed as his successor. They would thus get rid of Gen. Corse and at the same time preserve the appearance of not being too partisan in their political course. Senator Hoar admits, however, that there are Republicans in Boston who think that Gen. Corse should be continued in office, and he says the number of letters which he gets from such Republicans has already reached fifty, and the stream still flows on. He really does not know what he will do about it. To add to the complications, the Machine Republicans are in the field with two candidates after their own hearts, both thoroughgoing partisans. They believe in taking possession of the office openly, "without any nonsense" of the Lodge variety. The trouble lies mainly in finding an excuse for not reappointing Gen. Corse, who, in addition to having been a brave soldier, has been an admirable official.

The New Haven *Register*, in an exhaustive review of the vote of Connecticut at the last election, shows in a novel form how in the State Legislature the present antiquated Constitution benefits the Republican party. Towns represented in the lower house by 117 Democratic members polled at the last election 92,235 votes, while the towns represented by 133 Republican members polled only 42,019 votes. With 50,216 majority in the towns which they represent, the Democrats are in a minority of 16 in the lower legislative body. In the Senate the Democratic majority in the districts calculated on the same plan is 72,480 for the whole State. The Democrats now have a majority of ten in the Senate; but a Democratic majority appears there for the first time in many years, since the districts have been "gerrymandered" in the Republican interest. To show the more regular condition of things in that body, we may cite the fact that at the election of 1888 its seven Democratic members, out of the whole number of twenty-four, represented districts which cast 64,016 votes, or about three-sevenths of the vote of the whole State. At present, putting the two houses together, the Democratic members represent 195,840 votes, while the Republicans in both branches represent only 73,144 votes; yet the Republicans have a small majority on joint ballot, with which to elect a Republican United States Senator, and, in the event of the failure of a clear majority over all, would put in Republican State officers, as has heretofore been done three times in succession. The figures show clearly the working in the State of the unjust majority

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law, out of which the present muddle at Hartford has grown. It shows, also, as a whole, a condition of affairs acutely suggestive of violence and revolution. The wise policy of a State in such plight is promptly to reform provisions of the Constitution which, so long as they continue, must foment discord and discontent.

The English Nonconformists are having a hard time in the newspapers defending themselves against the attacks of the Unionists, now touching the morality of the irrelations with the Irish Home-Rulers. The Unionists are flushed with the encouragement given them by the result of the O'Shea divorce case, and are now pressing the Nonconformists hard to know why, if they are so much shocked by Parnell's adultery, they were able to stand the Irish outrages during the past six years. The ruin of every description which has come on Parnell's personal character is undoubtedly very embarrassing for the Nonconformists, for they in a measure guaranteed him to the British public. But the accusation of complicity in or condonation of the outrages, based on willingness to act in public with the Home-Rule leaders, is one of the oldest and best-worn weapons in the Conservative armory of all nations. It did much service in the English newspapers, during the American Revolution, against the Americans on account of the persecution of the Loyalists; and during the French Revolution every man who rejoiced in the overthrow of the monarchy was held by some to be a confederate of the Septembrist assassins, or an admirer of Marat and Robespierre. So, also, during the Italian struggle for independence, the friends of Italy were exposed to the charge of responsibility for the wickedness of the Carbonari, and of sharing in Mazzini's views about assassination. It is hardly necessary to recall, too, the way in which, within a very few years, the Democratic leaders both at the North and at the South were held responsible for the Kuklux outrages. The truth is, that there is no question of morals older or nicer than the question how far each man who takes part in a political movement is responsible for the behavior of all the others, particularly when the movement is a revolutionary one.

The mode in which the English Ministry is dealing with Irish distress is a fair illustration of the absurdity of the way in which Ireland is governed, and of the abundance of the excuses under which even the most unreasonable Home-Rulers may take shelter. Mr. Balfour, we need hardly say, is now the Government of Ireland. He has never lived in Ireland, and is separated from the people of that country not only by great ignorance of them, but by both intellectual and caste contempt. There is, therefore, an almost Turkish monstrosity in making him their governor, with semi-martial powers, particularly as one of the Tory rules of Irish administration is not to pay any heed to what the Irish representatives in Parliament say. Under this rule, when some of these representatives, in September last, announced the prospect of a famine in certain parts of Ireland, and proposed to ask subscriptions to relieve the prospective distress, Mr. Balfour, who was then playing golf in Scotland, and had not the smallest knowledge of the facts, announced, in a letter written on the 3d of October, that the idea of any general distress in Ireland was "wholly absurd," and that the information given about it by the Home-Rulers was "obviously doctored for political purposes." As soon as he had finished his golf he went to Ireland himself, where he ought to spend most of his time, and found out what the dismal truth was, and he has now started a private subscription for a relief fund to which he says a "rapid and generous response is being made," although in the October letter he said, when deriding the Irish subscriptions in America, that the "Government measures without question would be sufficient to deal with any real distress which might be beyond the power of the ordinary poor-law to meet." It is the constant recurrence of these caricatures of representative government in Ireland which really keeps the Home-Rule movement on its legs. Were there any steady recognition of the fact that the Irish representation in Parliament was a real representation, and as such entitled to legal respect, even if the members of it were not "nice" men, and were badly dressed, the wind could not be kept in the Home-Rule sails.

The first reading of a new copyright bill took place last month in the House of Lords. The present copyright law of Great Britain rests upon a number of distinct statutes, wholly or partly in force, dating from 1735 to 1888, and is so involved and difficult of interpretation that its codification has long been a crying need. On April 17, 1876, the Queen appointed a commission to make inquiry with regard to the laws relating to copyright. The Commissioners were fifteen in number, including such well-known persons as Sir Henry Holland, Sir Henry Drummond Wolff, Sir Julius Benedict, Sir James Stephen, Mr. James Anthony Froude, and Mr. Anthony Trollope. They submitted an elaborate report on May 24, 1878, which was printed, together with a folio volume of more than 400 pages of the 'Minutes of the Evidence taken before the Commission,' the two volumes forming probably the most important work in the English language relating to literary property. Of the fourteen statutes then in force, the report says: "The law is wholly destitute of any sort of arrangement, incomplete, often obscure; and even when it it is intelligible upon long study, it is in many parts so ill-expressed that no one who does not give much study to it can expect to understand it." The various recommendations of the Commissioners were embodied in a bill by Lord John Manners (now Duke of Rutland, himself one of the Commissioners), and presented to Parliament in 1879, but no legislation resulted. Since that date three new acts, relating to musical and international copyright, have been passed, in 1882, 1886, and 1888.

The new bill has been prepared by the Society of Authors (which fact does not seem to prepossess British publishers in its favor), and is said to combine into one measure the provisions of the Copyright Commission Bill of 1879, the International Copyright Act of 1886, and the elaborate bill for artistic copyright prepared by Mr. Hastings and successively presented to Parliament in 1884, 1885, and 1886, but never enacted into law. It grants protection for the lifetime of the author and thirty years after his death. This term was fixed upon by the Copyright Commissioners in 1878, who named half-a-dozen countries that granted protection for a longer term, namely, life of the author and fifty years, which term they thought excessive and unnecessary. That the movement of copyright legislation is distinctly in the direction of an increased term of protection, however, is demonstrated by the fact that at the present time thirteen countries give copyright for the author's life and fifty years after his death, while two have increased the term to life and eighty years, and three have declared literary property perpetual. By the new bill, authors control the abridgment and dramatization, and, presumably, the translation of their works. Registration of copyright is made compulsory.

The most dangerous attack on Greek in the schools and colleges yet seen, was made the other day in England, at a meeting of the head masters of the Eton, Harrow, Rugby, Winchester, Westminster, Charterhouse, St. Paul's, Clifton, and other schools —one of their usual annual or semi-annual gatherings. It was led, or in fact made, by Mr. Welldon, the head master of Harrow. He advocated the abolition of obligatory Greek both at school and at college, and the substitution of science, or modern languages, on two grounds. The first was the need of adapting education to individual tastes and capacity. The second—in the interest of Greek study itself—was that the Greek language might be left in the hands of those who really loved it and could cultivate it with success—to a sort of classical élite, in short, who would rescue it from its present degraded condition, as the bugaboo of dunces and sluggards. There was a good deal of discussion, pro and con, which elicited nothing very new, but Mr. Welldon came within two votes of carrying his resolution, this adverse majority being obtained by the adhesion of two of the smaller schools. We doubt if anything so ominous for Greek has yet occurred, for the English public schools are its stronghold today, and indeed England may be said to be its main champion. It has never struck such deep roots in education and general culture on the Continent or in this country.

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HUMOROUS DIPLOMACY.

THERE is no species of composition, not even pulpit oratory, the proprieties of which are better settled than those of diplomatic correspondence. The object of such correspondence is to keep the peace between nations by means of amicable discussion, and the object of a written or spoken composition of course fixes the style. Every diplomatic despatch, therefore, except in the rare cases (like Menshikoff's communication to the Porte in 1853) which really aim at war, not only is couched in terms of studious politeness, but avoids all rhetorical weapons, whether in the nature of arguments, illustrations, or analogies, which are likely to irritate the opponent by wounding his self-love, and thus make it difficult for him to yield the point without a sense of humiliation. Diplomatic discussion is in form addressed to experts, like arguments before a bench of judges, which always at least affect extraordinary respect both for the character and understanding of the court. It is intended to get you what you want without having to fight for it.

In Mr. Blaine's now voluminous diplomatic compositions, this great rule seems to be totally forgotten. He always begins his discussions, as we said the other day, horns down. He assumes from the outset that his adversary is a tricky, grasping, light-headed fellow, whom he is determined to expose in his true light to a disgusted world. How the affair will end, whether in peace or war, he cares but little, if he can achieve his own rhetorical triumph. As to the form of his argumentation, he is as little concerned about it as if he were still editing the *Kennebec Journal*, and were engaged in holding up the Bangor *Whig* to the contempt and ridicule of the people of Maine. In fact, his view of controversy is strictly journalistic. His despatches are only nominally addressed to the Foreign Minister: they are really meant for "our readers"—that is, for the multitude who are looking on, and know and care but little about the merits of the controversy.

An amusing illustration of this is furnished by the last batch of his correspondence with Lord Salisbury. Salisbury had pressed him hard with American authorities against his claim that the Bering Sea was a *mare clausum*, or, what was the same thing, that, owing to the presence of seals in it, it was "affected," to use the term of the Court of Appeals, with a *mare clausum* quality, and that in it, therefore, the jurisdiction of the United States extended beyond the three-mile limit. The true diplomatic answer to this would have been either a counter explanation of the American authorities, or the citation of some European precedent covering the same ground and likely to impress Salisbury's mind. But the journalistic instinct in Mr. Blaine was too strong for this. In his anger he determined to "corner" Salisbury by producing, not a legal precedent, but a low trick of which his wretched contemporary had at one time been guilty himself. The readers of the *Kennebec Journal* were to see what kind of fellow Boutelle of the Bangor *Whig* was. So he produced, with an air of suppressed rage, the British Act passed in 1816, with the concurrence of Russia, Prussia, and Austria, regulating the custody of Napoleon at St. Helena, and forbidding all foreign vessels not only to land on the island, but to "hover within eight leagues" or twenty-four miles of the coast, the offence to be punishable by the forfeiture of the ships, and to be triable in England as if committed in the county of Middlesex.

That remarkable person "the merest tyro" would, of course, have known that this Act could only bind the subjects of the Powers which assented to it. A very slight examination of authorities, such as a diplomatist engaged in an important diplomatic discussion is bound to make, would have shown Mr. Blaine that Great Britain could not possibly maintain the claim to interdict a radius of twenty-four miles of high seas to such nations as cared nothing about the safe-keeping of Napoleon, and especially to the United States. It could prevent landing on the island, but it could not prevent hovering, backing and filling, tacking, or any other marine manœuvre on the open sea outside the legal limit. One year later, Lord Stowell had, in the British Court of Admiralty, solemnly denied the power of Parliament to make the slave trade piracy or to contravene in any respect the settled law of nations. The *St. Louis* case in which he did this is one of the famous cases in the history of the slave trade, and therefore well known to the Merest Tyro; and yet Mr. Blaine, in his eagerness to smash and pulverize his miserable contemporary, totally overlooked it. Not only did he overlook it, but, in his journalistic fervor, he went on to analyze the operation of this hellish Act, and plunged into an actuary's calculation of Napoleon's expectation of life. It was, he says, in 1816, the same as Wellington's, forgetting that no office would in 1816 have given Napoleon a policy on the same terms as Wellington, as he was well known to have at that period stomachic troubles of a serious character, while Wellington was "as hard as nails." A life-insurance company which treated all persons born the same year as equally safe risks would be a very amusing corporation, but not one in which James G. Blaine would buy stock. But without consulting an actuary Mr. Blaine assumes that Napoleon might have been expected to live till 1852, and thus Great Britain would have kept a circle of open ocean, of twenty-four miles radius, all to herself during a period of thirty-six years, had Napoleon not died. The way in which the case grows on him and increases his ardor as he contemplates it, is delightful; for not only might Napoleon have reasonably lived till 1852, but, during the five years he did live, this British Act denied the liberty of the seas "to 500 American ships bound round the Cape and carrying, to be accurate, 14,000,000 tons of shipping over a space fifty miles wide." The fun of this lies in the fact that there is not a particle of evidence that any American ship ever paid the slightest attention to the prohibition, or was ever warned out of the circle, or ever changed her course on reaching it. The whole contention is an immense journalistic spree. But it shows, according to Mr. Blaine, what a mean, hoggish fellow Lord Salisbury is to

> "deny the right of the United States to assume control over a limited area for a fraction of each year, in a sea which lies far beyond the line of trade, whose silent waters were never cloven by a commercial prow, whose uninhabited shores have no port of entry and could never be approached on a lawful errand under any other flag than that of the United States."

The peroration reminds one of some of the apostrophes at Harrigan & Hart's. As Father Tom said to the Pope, it "makes a hare" of Salisbury, and would entitle the learned author to a high place in the "editorial council" of our esteemed contemporary the *Herald*—a body which puts its foot on the necks of kings, not to speak of the necks of Foreign Secretaries:

> "Is this Government to understand that Lord Salisbury justifies the course of England? Is this Government to understand that Lord Salisbury maintains the right of England, at her will and pleasure, to obstruct the highway of commerce in mid-ocean, and that she will at the same time interpose objections to the United States exercising her jurisdiction beyond the three-mile limit, in a remote and unused sea, for the sole purpose of preserving the most valuable fur-seal fishery in the world from remediless destruction?"

MR. BLAINE'S OWN WITNESS.

OUR Secretary of State is permitted by the President to stake the pending controversy over the seal fisheries and the adjacent waters on the issue whether or not the treaties of 1824 and 1825 intended to include, and did include, Bering Sea, by the words "Great Ocean," commonly called "the Pacific Ocean, or South Sea."

He produces, as a chief witness, Hubert Howe Bancroft, and presents him as an expert worthy of credit. Without accepting or rejecting all that Mr. Bancroft says in his History of the Pacific States, it will be profitable, after Mr. Blaine's endorsement, to observe what he really has said. He regards the Pacific Coast above 42°, which is the present southern boundary of Oregon, "as an undiscovered country" till 1775, and the explorations of 1774–'5 as giving to Spain, so far as mere *discovery* could, all "the northwest coast," but that, nevertheless, Russia from the North "discovered America, and touched the coast as low as latitude 56°," or a little to the south of the present Sitka. About this time Russia claimed vaguely that her possessions extended down to the Columbia River, and Spain pushed hers up to Prince William Sound. In 1788, says Bancroft, the American *fur trade* began in that region, meaning on the Pacific to the south of what is now Alaska; before 1800 forty vessels had visited that coast, and "later the Americans monopolized the trade." No nation protested against it till 1808, when Russia did, and asserted a claim to the *whole* coast down to the Columbia River, or 46°. The United States replied that the Spanish title extended up to 60°, or to what is now the southern coast of our Alaska. Then, in 1821, came the Russian ukase, declaring "the whole of the north-

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west coast of America, beginning from Bering's Straits to the 51st degree," to be exclusively Russian. The 51st degree touches the northern point of Vancouver's Island. Secretary Adams rejected the *entire* Russian claim. The treaty between the United States and Russia was signed in 1824. Mr. Blaine contends that it did not include any part of Bering Sea (first named Bering Sea, he affirms, in 1817), extending down to 52° or 51°. By that treaty, Bancroft says, "the boundary was fixed at latitude 54° 40′, beyond which neither nation was to found any establishment or resort without permission of the other, though for a period of ten years the vessels of other nations were to have free access, for trade and fishery, to all *interior* waters of the other's territory." Mr. Blaine contends that it did not include Bering Sea, but covered only the main coast on what is now Canada and the United States, leaving the latter and England to fight over all between 42° and 54° 40′. In 1825, says Bancroft, another treaty was made between England and Russia by which the latter again relinquished all below 54° 40′, "and the broad interior *up to the frozen ocean.*" The United States did not protest against the last-named concession to England, although Greenhow said it virtually annulled our treaty of 1824.

In endeavoring to ascertain the truth of the pending international discussion, it must be borne in mind that the first concession made in 1799, for twenty years, to the Russian American Company, described the area of the concession on the south by a line of latitude (which was the 55th degree) including the chain of islands from Kamtchatka to North America, and south to Japan, and also the Aleutian, Kurile, and other islands "in the *North-Eastern* Ocean." It was renewed in 1821, and again from 1841 to 1862, when the boundary was, of course, changed, says Bancroft, "in accordance with the English and American treaties." The ukase of 1821 defined, in like manner, the southern limit of exclusion of foreigners as latitude 51°, but the treaties of 1824 and 1825—permitting Americans and Englishmen to enter, navigate, fish, and trade—only referred to "*all* parts of the Great Ocean," etc., although "settlements" were restrained by the line of 54° 40′. To appreciate Secretary Blaine's contention that those treaties of 1824 and 1825 did not cover Bering Sea, one should refer to any good map and observe how the peninsula of Alaska, and the chain of Aleutian islands projecting westward from the mainland of Alaska, cut off the North Pacific Ocean from Bering Sea. One must also bear in mind that American and English diplomacy had to accomplish, as best it could, a withdrawal *in effect* of the prohibitions of the ukase of 1821 without a humiliation of Russia. The ukase of 1821 covered Bering Sea, all concede. Is it likely that the United States and Great Britain intended in the treaties to be content with only the waters to the eastward of the peninsula of Alaska, and south as well as east of the Aleutian Islands, leaving Bering Sea to Russia? Mr. Blaine says, Yes!

Mr. Bancroft in his History of Alaska describes with much and admirable detail the rise and growth of the Russian-American Company from 1799 to 1862. He tells how the company, having demanded it, soon saw the folly of the ukase excluding foreign trade. He sets forth how the ukase raised up American and British protests, and, in the end, the traffic was surreptitiously winked at by the company for its own good. He avers (p. 544) that, under the treaties, Americans and Englishmen could freely navigate, fish, and trade "*in Aleutian waters*" for ten years, but that the treaties created remonstrances at St. Petersburg by the company on account of the vagueness of the language used, which might admit foreigners into Bering Sea. The Emperor Alexander paid no heed to the remonstrances, but the Emperor Nicholas did. He addressed himself to our State Department at Washington, and accomplished nothing, but to appease the company he issued another ukase confining foreigners, says Bancroft, "to the strip of coast between the British possessions and the 141st meridian." He adds that no attempt was made to apply the treaties "to the islands and coasts of western Alaska," or, in other words, the treaties, as to those areas, were unexecuted.

It is no doubt true that at the close of the last and the beginning of the present century the theatre of the struggles of rival explorers, fur-hunters, and traders was the region east of the Alaskan peninsula, and bounded by what is now our Alaska, British Columbia, Washington, and Oregon. The Pribyloff Islands were not discovered in Bering Sea till 1786. But the pending question, however it be obscured, is whether or not Russia held Bering Sea as a "shut sea" till 1867, and on that Mr. Blaine's witness, the California historian Bancroft, has much to say in his History of Alaska that is edifying. If Bering Sea was a "shut sea," how did American whalers go from the New England coast to Bering Straits, and through them into the Arctic Sea? In 1842, Bancroft says, thirty American whaling vessels were in Bering Sea, and fifty in 1841. Russia was asked by the Russian-American Company, he says, to send to Bering Sea armed cruisers to preserve it as a *mare clausum*, but she refused, and replied that the treaty of 1824 "*gave to Americans the right to engage in fishing over the whole extent of the Pacific Ocean.*" Bancroft's twenty-second chapter affirms that, forty years ago, Bering Sea was well occupied by American fishermen of all sorts, and that after 1862 the number increased.

COST OF OUR LATEST INDIAN WAR.

GEN. MILES calls official attention to the fact that the Indian war is over by issuing a congratulatory address to his troops, and making efforts to have them returned to their former posts of duty as soon as possible. In his address he gives a rapid summary of the causes of the war and its leading episodes, but he does not go into details, leaving those, presumably, for his official report, or for the investigation which Congress is to make. We trust that sooner or later the facts in this most lamentable but entirely typical Indian war will be brought to light, for they cannot fail to have a salutary effect in putting an end, before many years more shall have passed, to the wretched "spoils" system which was responsible for this as well as for nearly all others of our Indian wars.

Gen. Miles gives in his address no statistics of the losses of life upon both sides, and we must wait for official information on that point, but unofficial figures are obtainable and are not far from the truth. The total number of Indians killed, "bucks," squaws, and pappooses, is placed at 483 by newspaper correspondents who kept a close account of the losses. The total number of soldiers killed is placed at about 30, and the number wounded at about 40. The killed included Capt. Wallace and Lieuts. Casey and Mann, all men of fine character, whose death in the very prime of life was a distinct loss to the service. The chief loss of life among the Indians was at the battle of Wounded Knee on December 29, when the soldiers, under a burst of genuine savage fury, mowed down with the Hotchkiss gun warriors, women, and children, leaving them in heaps, dead and wounded together, upon the snow. The terrible pictures of that slaughter are too fresh in the minds of the public to need reproduction now.

Why was this loss of life made necessary? There is no longer any doubt about the chief cause. The Indians were starved into discontent and revolt through the conduct of the Interior Department in reducing their supplies of beef. Mr. Frank C. Armstrong, United States Indian Inspector, in a letter made public a few weeks ago, warned the Interior Department in April last that trouble was coming because of its policy in this particular. He called the Department's attention to the fact that the supply of beef for the Pine Ridge Agency had been cut down from 5,000,000 pounds to 4,000,000, without previous intimation of such reduction, adding:

"The full allowance of beef should be given them. They complain, and with good grounds, that they were told by the Sioux Commissioners that their rations, etc., should not be reduced; that while this very talk was going on the Department in Washington was fixing to cut off one-fifth of their meat supply, but did not let them know it, nor did the agent know it until they had signed the Sioux Bill. They had a good start in cattle, but have had to kill over three times as many of their own cattle, old and young, as they did the year before; that they have been deceived in doing what they did by the Government, and that they don't get as much now as they did before.

"I think cutting off this 1,000,000 pounds of beef, and thereby forcing them to kill their own young cattle, has put them back two years or more in raising stock, and has created a feeling of distrust, which, unless something is done to repair it, will lead to trouble and bad conduct. They have now killed many of their own cattle, and will next commence to kill range cattle. Already hides and other evidences of this are being found on the reservation borders.

"Men will take desperate remedies sooner than suffer from hunger. Not much work can be expected with the present feeling. The Indians who advocated signing are now laughed at and blamed for being fooled. They don't get even their former rations, and ask where are all the promises that were made. The

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Government must keep faith as well as the Indians."

This warning had no effect whatever upon the Interior Department. Not only were the supplies kept down to the reduced limit, but an entirely worthless politician was put in charge of the agency at Pine Ridge to superintend the distribution. After the trouble began, Maj. W. W. Anderson, a former Indian agent of large experience, who had been on the ground and examined the situation personally, said on January 9 last that the real cause of the trouble was the violation of the Sioux treaty of 1876; that he knew personally of many cases in which the Indians did lack food and did not receive the rations to which they were entitled; that the ghost dance had been used to influence some of the young men, but was not the prime cause of the trouble; and that some of the blame belonged to the Pine Ridge agent, Royer, who, instead of remaining at his post when signs of trouble appeared, "ran away to Bushville and called for troops, and then, when he went back to the agency with troops, was harsh and irritating towards the Indians."

There is an abundance of other evidence on this point, but these citations are sufficient to show that this war which has cost us the lives of thirty soldiers and has led to the slaughter of nearly 500 Indians, including many women and children, was due entirely to the mismanagement of the Indian service by the Interior Department. Upon that Department, which was following out the vicious policy of many years' standing, must rest the entire responsibility for this unnecessary bloodshed. It drove the Indians to war by starving them, and then killed off nearly 500 of them to restore them to peace. If there had been an honest man, like Dr. McGillicuddy at the Pine Ridge Agency, and if the Interior Department had kept its treaty obligations with the Indians, there would have been no war. Peace came as soon as the Secretary of the Interior confessed his error by removing the agent Royer. No sooner had Gen. Miles got control of the agency, and Royer gone home to his natural place in Eastern "politics," than the war was over.

We observe that Secretary Noble has been "talking freely" of what he thought our Indian policy should be, and that he believed the first thing to be done would be to deprive the Indians of firearms and give them an opportunity to earn their own living. But what is the use of giving them an opportunity to earn their own living when the Government breaks faith with them, cuts down their rations, and starves them into killing their own stock, thus neutralizing their own efforts to better their condition by imitating the methods of civilized men?

THE SCOTCH STRIKE.

THE Scotch railway strike, which is apparently drawing slowly to a close, if not the greatest, is one of the greatest that have ever occurred, not excepting the Pennsylvania strike of 1877 and the Southwestern strike of 1886. Every Scotch line, as well as some of the North of England lines, has experienced it, and nearly every branch of industry, including the northern fisheries, has suffered from it. In spite, too, of the high order of intelligence of the men, and their Scotch sobriety and patience, the strike has had all the usual characteristics of strikes in other places and among other races. The men have undoubtedly had a number of substantial grievances to complain of in the shape of long hours and insufficient wages, for which they have hitherto vainly sought redress; but what seems to have precipitated the strike was that perennial trouble, the refusal of the companies to treat with the labor organizations to which the men belong, or with their representatives in the person of labor agitators—some of whom, by the by, came on from London. On this point the companies have been unyielding, and their obstinacy, as usual, roused a good deal of sympathy with the men among philanthropists both in Scotland and in England. In fact, all attempts everywhere to arrange a *modus vivendi* between employees and employed in all the large industries seem to split on this rock. The men organize in order to increase their strength and give individuals shelter from oppression or persecution; but when the time comes to use the organization for purposes either of offence or defence, it utterly fails. The employers attack it with energy, and invariably, or almost invariably, break it up.

In justification of their course on this point, the companies in Scotland produce two pleas, which events generally justify. They say, in the first place, that the organizations do not and cannot control the men, and that therefore any contract with them would be worthless, because the leaders could not carry it out if the rank and file found reason at any time for breaking it. In the present case every Scotch railway employee is bound by his own signature to give a month's notice of his intention to quit his place; but this did not prevent the present strikers from abandoning their places without notice, just as the strikers on the New York Central did, nor did it prevent them from selecting the very season and the very week of the year when it would cause most inconvenience to the public and most loss to the companies, to abandon their trains and suspend traffic on all the great lines.

In the second place, the companies say that to make a contract with the leaders of the trades unions is to surrender the control of the roads to persons responsible neither to the public nor to the stockholders, and power without responsibility is something which no heads, and especially the heads of labor agitators, can stand. The effect of any such surrender has, in fact, been abundantly manifested in England in the case of the dockers' strike, and in this country in the case of the Reading strike. In the former case the surrender has led ever since to incessant, almost weekly, strikes against the enforcement of the commonest business rules, and in the latter it led to the extraordinary insubordination described by Mr. Powderly in his letter touching the late strike on the New York Central, which he illustrated by mentioning that the engineers on the Reading Road used to stop meeting trains in midway, to discuss labor matters. This is really now the chief difficulty in the way of the harmonious relations between labor and capital in the great industries. What is needed is, that labor should set up some organization capable of fulfilling a contract. Until it does this, corporations, and especially corporations charged with the management of great lines of public traffic, cannot settle labor disputes by negotiation. Strikes will be war, and the weaker party will have to go to the wall.

It is interesting to see how closely the Scotch strike among what may be called a select population has followed the lines of similar strikes elsewhere in the matter of behavior. Trains were suddenly abandoned at the outset in the old way. Then new hands were warned off, first by persuasion and next by intimidation. Then, when the new men began to work the lines, meetings were held to show the awful risks the companies were running in suffering "green hands" to run trains; and, finally, when everything else failed, assaults on the "green hands" began. This is everywhere the final stage, not necessarily of the strike, but of the dispute. For although nearly every line in Scotland is running again as usual, the strike is still "on" the same as ever, and orators are still promising in the public houses the speedy surrender of the companies.

GEORGE BANCROFT.

GEORGE BANCROFT, who died in Washington, D. C., on Saturday, was born at Worcester, Mass., October 3, 1800, being the son of Aaron and Lucretia (Chandler) Bancroft. His first American ancestor in the male line was John Bancroft, who came to this country from England, arriving on June 12, 1632, and settling at Lynn, Mass. There is no evidence of an especial literary or scholarly tastes in his early ancestors, although one at least among them became a subject for literature, being the hero of one of Cotton Mather's wonderful tales of recovery from smallpox. Samuel Bancroft, grandfather of the great historian, was a man in public station, and is described by Savage as "possessing the gift of utterance in an eminent degree"; and the historian's father, Rev. Aaron Bancroft, D.D., was a man of mark. He was born in 1755, fought at Lexington and Bunker Hill when almost a boy, was graduated at Harvard College in 1778, studied for the ministry, preached for a time in Nova Scotia, was settled at Worcester, Mass., in 1788, and died there in 1839. He was a member of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, was an Arminian in theology, and in later life President of the American Unitarian Association. He published various occasional sermons, a volume of doctrinal discourses, and (in 1807) a 'Life of Washington,' which was reprinted in England, and rivalled in circulation the larger work of Marshall, which appeared at about the same time. He thus bequeathed literary tastes to his thirteen children; and though only one of these reached public eminence, yet three of the daughters were prominent for many years in Worcester, being in charge of a school for girls, and highly esteemed; while another sister was well known in Massachusetts and at Washington as the wife of Governor (afterwards Senator) John Davis.

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George Bancroft was fitted for college at Exeter Academy, where he was especially noted for his fine declamation. He entered Harvard College in 1813, taking his degree in 1817. He was the classmate of four men destined to be actively prominent in the great anti-slavery agitation a few years later—Samuel J. May, Samuel E. Sewall, David Lee Child, and Robert F. Wallcut—and of one prospective opponent of it, Caleb Cushing. Other men of note in the class were the Rev. Stephen H. Tyng, D.D., the Rev. Alva Wood, D.D., and Samuel A. Eliot, afterwards Treasurer of the College and father of its present President. Mr. Bancroft was younger than any of these and very probably the youngest in his class, being less than seventeen at graduation. He was, however, second in rank, and it happened that Edward Everett, then recently appointed Professor of Greek Literature in that institution, had proposed that some young graduate of promise should be sent to Germany for purposes of study, that he might afterwards become one of the corps of instructors. Accordingly, Bancroft was selected, and went, in the early summer of 1818, to Göttingen. At that time the University had among its professors Eichhorn, Heeren, and Blumenbach. He also studied at Berlin, where he knew Schleiermacher, Savigny, and W. von Humboldt. At Jena he saw Goethe, and at Heidelberg studied under Schlosser. This last was in the spring of 1821, when he had already received his degree of Ph.D. at Göttingen and was making the tour of Europe. At Paris he met Cousin, Constant, and Alexander von Humboldt; he knew Manzoni at Milan, and Bunsen and Niebuhr at Rome. The very mention of these names seems to throw his early career far back into the past. Such experiences were far rarer then than now, and the return from them into what then was the village life of Harvard College was a far greater change. Yet he came back at last and discharged his obligations, in a degree, by a year's service as Greek tutor.

It was not, apparently, a satisfactory position, for although he dedicated a volume of poems to President Kirkland, "with respect and affection" as to his "early benefactor and friend," yet we have the testimony of George Ticknor (in Miss Ticknor's Life of J. G. Cogswell) that Bancroft was "thwarted in every movement by the President." Mr. Ticknor was himself a professor in the College, and though his view may not have been dispassionate, he must have had the opportunity of knowledge. His statement is rendered more probable by the fact that he records a similar discontent in the case of Prof. J. G. Cogswell, who was certainly a man of conciliatory temperament. By Ticknor's account, Mr. Cogswell, who had been arranging the Harvard College library and preparing the catalogue, was quite unappreciated by the Corporation, and though Ticknor urged both him and Bancroft to stay, they were resolved to leave, even if their proposed school came to nothing. The school in question was the once famous "Round Hill" at Northampton, in which enterprise Cogswell, then thirty-six, and Bancroft, then twenty-three, embarked in 1823. The latter had already preached several sermons and seemed to be feeling about for his career; but it now appeared that he had found it.

In embarking, however, he warbled a sort of swan-song at the close of his academical life, and published in September, 1823, a small volume of eighty pages, printed at the Cambridge University Press and entitled 'Poems by George Bancroft, Cambridge: Hilliard & Metcalf.' Some of these were written in Switzerland, some in Italy, some, after his return home, at Worcester; but almost all were European in theme, and neither better nor worse than the average of such poems by young men of twenty or thereabouts. The first, called "Expectation," is the most noticeable, for it contains an autobiographical glimpse of this young academical Childe Harold setting forth on his pilgrimage:

"'Twas in the season when the sun
More darkly tinges spring's fair brow,
And laughing fields had just begun
The summer's golden hues to show.
Earth still with flowers was richly dight,
And the last rose in gardens glowed;
In heaven's blue tent the sun was bright,
And western winds with fragrance flowed;
'Twas then a youth bade home adieu;
And hope was young and life was new,
When first he seized the pilgrim's wand
To roam the far, the foreign land.

"There lives the marble, wrought by art.
That clime the youth would gain; he braves
The ocean's fury, and his heart
Leaps in him, like the sunny waves
That bear him onward; and the light
Of hope within his bosom beams,
Like the phosphoric ray at night
That round the prow so cheerly gleams.
But still his eye would backward turn,
And still his bosom warmly burn,
As towards new worlds he 'gan to roam,
With love for Freedom's western home."

This is the opening poem; its closing words, at the end of the final "Pictures of Rome," are in a distinctly patriotic strain:

"Farewell to Rome; how lovely in distress;
How sweet her gloom; how proud her wilderness!
Farewell to all that won my youthful heart,
And waked fond longings after fame. We part.
The weary pilgrim to his home returns;
For Freedom's air, for Western climes he burns;
Where dwell the brave, the generous, and the free,
O! there is Rome; no other Rome for me."

It was in order to train these young children of the republic—"the brave, the generous, and the free"—that Bancroft entered upon the "Round Hill" enterprise.

This once famous school belonged to that class of undertakings which are so successful as to ruin their projectors. It began in a modest way; nothing can be more sensible than the 'Prospectus'—a pamphlet of twenty pages issued at Cambridge, June 20, 1823. In this there is a clear delineation of the defects then existing in American schools; and a modest promise is given that, aided by the European experience of the two founders, something like a French *collège* or a German gymnasium might be created. There were to be not more than twenty pupils, who were to be from nine to twelve on entering. A beautiful estate was secured at Northampton, and pupils soon came in. Then followed for several years what was at least a very happy family. The school was to be in many respects on the German plan; farm life, friendly companionship, ten-mile rambles through the woods with the teachers, and an annual walking tour in the same company. All instruction was to be thorough; there was to be no direct emulation, and no flogging. There remain good delineations of the school in the memoirs of Dr. Cogswell, and in a paper by the late T. G. Appleton, one of the pupils. It is also described by Duke Bernard of Saxe-Weimar in his Travels. The material of the school was certainly fortunate. Many men afterwards noted in various ways had their early training there: J. L. Motley, H. W. Bellows, R. T. S. Lowell, F. Schroeder, Ellery Channing, G. E. Ellis, Theodore Sedgwick, George C. Shattuck, S. G. Ward, R. G. Shaw, N. B. Shurtleff, George Gibbs, Philip Kearney, R. G. Harper. At a dinner given to Dr. Cogswell in 1864, the most profuse expressions of grateful reminiscence were showered upon him, though Mr. Bancroft, who was then in Europe, was absent. The prime object of the school, as stated by Mr. Ticknor, was "to teach *more thoroughly* than has ever been taught among us." How far this was accomplished can only be surmised; what is certain is that the boys enjoyed themselves. They were admirably healthy, not having a case of illness for sixteen months, and they were happy. When we say that, among other delights, the boys had a large piece of land where they had a boy-village of their own, a village known as Cronyville, a village where each boy erected his own shanty and built his own chimney, where he could roast apples and potatoes on a winter evening and call the neighbors in—when each boy had such absolute felicity as this, with none to molest him or make him afraid, there is no wonder that the "old boys" were ready to feast their kindly pedagogues forty years later.

But to spread barracks for boys and crony villages over the delightful hills of Northampton demanded something more than kindliness; it needed much administrative skill and some money. Neither Cogswell nor Bancroft was a man of fortune. Instead of twenty boys they had at one time 127, nearly fifty of whom had to be kept through the summer vacation. They had many Southern pupils and, as an apparent consequence, many bad debts, Mr. Cogswell estimating a loss of $2,000 from this cause in a single year, and sometimes they had to travel southward to dun delinquent parents. The result of it all was that Bancroft abandoned the enterprise after seven years in the summer of 1830; while Cogswell, who held on two years longer, retired with health greatly impaired and a financial loss of $20,000. Thus ended the Round Hill School.

While at Round Hill Mr. Bancroft prepared some text-books for his pupils, translating Heeren's 'Politics of Ancient Greece' (1824) and Jacobs's Latin Reader (1825)—the latter going through several editions. His first article in the *North American Review*, then the leading literary journal in the United States, appeared in October, 1823, and was a notice of Schiller's Minor Poems, with many translations. From this time forward he wrote in almost every volume, but always on classical or German themes, until in January, 1831, he took up "The Bank of the United States," and a few years later (October, 1835) "The Documentary History of the Revolution." These indicated the progress of his historical studies, which also began at Round Hill, and took form at last in his great history. The design of this monumental work was as deliberate as Gibbon's, and almost as vast, and the author lived, like Gibbon, to see it accomplished. The first volume appeared in 1834, the second in 1837, the third in 1840, the fourth in 1852, and so onward. Between these volumes were interspersed a variety of minor essays, some of which were collected in a volume of 'Literary and Historical Miscellanies' published in 1855. Bancroft also published, as a separate work, a 'History of the Formation of the Constitution of the United States' (1882).

He was, while at Northampton, an ardent Democrat of the most theoretic and philosophic type, and he very wisely sought to acquaint himself with the practical side of public affairs. In 1826 he gave an address at Northampton, defining his position and sympathies; in 1830 he was elected to the Legislature, but declined to take his seat, and the next year declined a nomination to the Senate. In 1835 he drew up an address to the people of Massachusetts, made many speeches and prepared various sets of resolutions, was flattered, traduced, caricatured. From 1838 to 1841 he was Collector of the Port of Boston; in 1844 he was Democratic candidate for Governor of Massachusetts, but was defeated, George N. Briggs being his successful antagonist, although he received more votes than any Democratic candidate before him. In 1845 he was Secretary of the Navy under President Polk. In all these executive positions he may be said to have achieved success—it was, for instance, during his term of office that the Naval Academy was established at Annapolis; it was he who gave the first order to take possession of California, and he who, while acting for a month as Secretary of War, gave the order to Gen. Taylor to march into Texas, thus ultimately leading to the annexation of that State. This, however, identified him with a transaction justly censurable, and indeed his whole political career occurred during the most questionable period of Democratic subserviency to the Slave Power, and that weakness was never openly—perhaps never sincerely—resisted by him. This left a reproach upon his earlier political career which has, however, been effaced by his literary life and his honorable career as a diplomatist. In 1846 he was transferred from the Cabinet to the post of Minister Plenipotentiary to Great Britain, where he contrived to combine historical researches with public functions. In 1849 he returned to this country—a Whig administration having been elected—and took up his residence in New York. In February, 1866, he was selected by Congress to pronounce a eulogy on President Lincoln, and in the following year he was appointed Minister to Prussia, being afterwards successively accredited to the North German Confederation and the German Empire. In these positions he succeeded in effecting some

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important treaty provisions in respect to the rights of naturalized German citizens residing in Germany. He was recalled at his own request in 1874, and has since resided in Washington in the winter and at Newport, R. I., in summer.

Dividing his life between these two abodes, he passed his later years in a sort of existence more common in Europe than here—the well-earned dignity of the scholar who has also been, in his day, a man of affairs, and who is yet too energetic to repose upon his laurels or waste much time upon merely enjoying the meed of fame he has won. In both his winter and summer abodes he had something of the flattering position of First Citizen; he was free of all sets, an honored member of all circles. His manners were often mentioned as "courtly," but they never quite rose to the level of the two classes of manner described by Tennyson—

> "Kind nature is the best, those manners next
> That fit us like a nature second hand;
> Which are indeed the manners of the great."

Neither of these descriptions exactly fitted Mr. Bancroft; his manners were really of the composite sort, and curiously suggestive of the different phases of his life. They were like that wonderful Japanese lacquer work, made up of twenty or thirty different coats or films, perhaps laid on by several different workmen. There was at the foundation the somewhat formal and literal manner of the scholar, almost of the pedagogue; then one caught a glimpse of an executive, official style, that seemed to date from the period when he ordered California to be occupied; and over all there was a varnish of worldly courtesy, enhanced by an evident pleasure in being admired, and broken by an occasional outburst of rather blunt sincerity.

But he matured and mellowed well; his social life at Washington was more satisfactory to himself and others than that he led in New York; he had voluntarily transplanted himself to a community which, with all its faults and crudities, sets intellect above wealth, and readily conceded the highest place to a man like Bancroft. Foreign Ministers came accredited to him as well as to the Government; he was the friend of every successive Administration, and had as many guests as he cared to see at his modest Sunday evening receptions. There he greeted every one cordially, aided by a wife amply gifted in the amenities. He was cordial to everybody, and remembered the father or grandfather of anybody who had any such ancestors whom it was desirable to mention. In summer, at Newport, it was the same; his residence was like that described by his imagination in one of his own early poems—

> "Where heaven lends her loveliest scene,
> A softened air, a sky serene,
> Along the shore where smiles the sea."

Unlike most Newport "cottages," his house was within sight of the ocean; between it and the sea lay the garden, and the rose in Kenmure's cap in the Scottish ballad was not a characteristic more invariable than the same flower in Mr. Bancroft's hand or buttonhole. His form was familiar, too, on Bellevue Avenue, taking as regularly as any old-fashioned Englishman his daily horseback exercise. At the same time he was one of the few men who were capable, even in Newport, of doing daily the day's work; he rose fabulously early in the morning, and kept a secretary or two always employed. Since John Quincy Adams there has not been among us such an example of laborious, self-exacting, seemingly inexhaustible old age; and, unlike Adams, Mr. Bancroft kept his social side always fresh and active, and did not have, like the venerable ex-President, to force himself out in the evening in order "to learn the art of conversation." This combination, with his monumental literary work, will keep his memory secure. It will possibly outlive that of many men of greater inspiration, loftier aims, and sublimer qualities.

Mr. Bancroft, as an historian, combined some of the greatest merits and some of the profoundest defects ever united in a single author. His merits are obvious enough. He has great enthusiasm for his subject. He is profoundly imbued with that democratic spirit without which the history of the United States cannot be justly written. He has the graphic quality so wanting in Hildreth and the saliency whose absence makes Prescott too smooth. He has a style essentially picturesque, whatever may be its faults. The reader is compelled to admit that his resources in the way of preparation are inexhaustible, and that his command of them is astounding. One must follow him minutely, for instance, through the history of the war for independence, to appreciate in full the consummate grasp of a mind which can deploy military events in a narrative as a general deploys brigades in a field. Add to this the capacity for occasional maxims to the highest degree profound and lucid, in the way of political philosophy, and you certainly combine in one man some of the greatest qualities of the historian.

Against this are to be set very grave faults. In his earlier editions there was an habitual pomposity and inflation of style which the sterner taste of his later years has so modified that we must now condone it. The same heroic revision has cut off many tame and commonplace remarks as trite as those virtuous truisms by which second-rate actors bring down the applause of the galleries at cheap theatres. Many needless philosophical digressions have shared the same fate. But many faults remain. There is, in the first place, that error so common with the graphic school of historians—the exaggerated estimate of manuscript or fragmentary material at the expense of what is printed and permanent. In many departments of history this dependence is inevitable; but, unfortunately, Mr. Bancroft is not, except in the very earliest volumes of his history, dealing with such departments. The loose and mythical period of our history really ends with Capt. John Smith. From the moment when the Pilgrims landed, the main facts of American history are to be found recorded in a series of carefully prepared documents made by men to whom the pen was familiar, and who were exceedingly methodical in all their ways. The same is true of all the struggles which led to the Revolution, and of all those which followed. They were the work of honest-minded Anglo-Saxon men who, if they issued so much as a street hand-bill, said just what they meant and meant precisely what they said. To fill the gaps in this solid documentary chain is, no doubt, desirable—to fill it by every passing rumor, every suggestion of a French agent's busy brain; but to substitute this inferior matter for the firmer basis is wrong. Much of the graphic quality of Mr. Bancroft's writing is obtained by this means, and this portends, in certain directions, a future shrinkage and diminution in his fame.

But a fault far more serious than this is one which Mr. Bancroft shared with his historical contemporaries, but in which he far exceeded any of them—an utter ignoring of the very meaning and significance of a quotation-mark. Others of that day sinned. The long controversy between Jared Sparks and Lord Mahon grew out of this—the liberties taken by Sparks in editing Washington's letters. Prof. Edward T. Channing did the same thing in quoting the racy diaries of his grandfather, William Ellery, and substituting, for instance, in a passage cited as original, "We refreshed ourselves with meat and drink," for the far racier "We refreshed our Stomachs with Beefsteaks and Grogg." Hildreth in quoting from the 'Madison Papers,' did the same, for the sake not of propriety, but of convenience; even Frothingham made important omissions and variations, without indicating them, in quoting Hooke's remarkable sermon, "New England's Teares." But Bancroft is the chief of sinners in this respect; when he quotes a contemporary document or letter, it is absolutely impossible to tell, without careful verifying, whether what he gives us between the quotation-marks is precisely what should be there, or whether it is a compilation, rearrangement, selection, or even a series of mere paraphrases of his own. It would be easy to illustrate this abundantly, especially from the Stamp Act volume; but a single instance will suffice.

When in 1684 an English fleet sailed into Boston harbor, ostensibly on its way to attack the Dutch settlements on the Hudson, it left behind a royal commission, against whose mission of interference the colonial authorities at once protested, and they issued a paper, as one historian has said, "in words so clear and dignified as to give a foretaste of the Revolutionary state papers that were to follow a century later." If ever there was a document in our pre-Revolutionary history that ought to be quoted precisely as it was written, or not at all, it was this remonstrance. It thus begins in Bancroft's version, and the words have often been cited by others. He says of the colony of Massachusetts: "Preparing a remonstrance, not against deeds of tyranny, but the menace of tyranny, not against actual wrong, but against a principle of wrong, on the 25th of October, it thus addressed King Charles II." The alleged address is then given, apparently in full, and then follows the remark, "The spirit of the people corresponded with this address." It will hardly be believed that there never was any such address, and that no such document was ever in existence as that so formally cited here. Yet any one who will compare Bancroft's draft with the original in the Records of Massachusetts (volume iv., part 2, pages 168–9) will be instantly convinced of this. Bancroft has simply taken phrases and sentences here and there from a long document and rearranged, combined, and, in some cases, actually paraphrased them in his own way. Logically and rhetorically the work is his own. The colonial authorities adopted their own way of composition, and he adopted his. In some sentences we have Bancroft, not Endicott; the nineteenth century, not the seventeenth. Whether the transformation is an improvement or not is not the question; the thing cited is not the original. An accurate historian would no more have issued such a restatement under the shelter of quotation-marks than an accurate theologian would have rewritten the Ten Commandments and read his improved edition from the pulpit. And it is a curious fact that while Mr. Bancroft has amended so much else in his later editions, he has left this passage untouched, and still implies an adherence to the tradition that this is the way to write history.

And it is to be noted that the evil is doubled when this practice is combined with the other habit, already mentioned, of relying largely upon manuscript authorities. If an historian garbles, paraphrases, and rearranges when he is dealing with matter accessible to all, how much greater the peril when he is dealing with what is in written documents held under his own lock and key. It is not necessary to allege intentional perversion, but we are, at the very least, absolutely at the mercy of an inaccurate habit of mind. The importance of this point is directly manifested on opening the leaves of Mr. Bancroft's last and perhaps most valuable book, 'The History of the Constitution.' The most important part of this book consists, by concession of all, in the vast mass of selections from the private correspondence of the period; for instance, of M. Otto, the French Ambassador. We do not hesitate to say that, if tried by the standard of Mr. Bancroft's previous literary methods, this mass of correspondence, though valuable as suggestion, is worthless as authority. Until it has been carefully collated and compared with the originals we do not know that a paragraph or a sentence of it is left as the author wrote it; the system of paraphrase previously exhibited throws the shadow of doubt over all. No person can safely cite one of these letters in testimony; no person knows whether any particular statement contained in it comes to us in the words of its supposed author or of Mr. Bancroft. It is no answer to say that this loose method was the method of certain Greek historians; if Thucydides composed speeches for his heroes, it was at least known that he prepared them, and there was not the standing falsehood of a quotation-mark.

A drawback quite as serious is to be found in this, that Mr. Bancroft's extraordinary labors in old age were not usually devoted to revising the grounds of his own earlier judgments, but to perfecting his own style of expression and to

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weaving in additional facts at those points which especially interested him. Prof. Agassiz used to say that the greatest labor of the student of biology came from the enormous difficulty of keeping up with current publications and the proceedings of societies; a man could carry on his own observations, but he could not venture to publish them without knowing all the latest statements made by other observers. Mr. Bancroft had to encounter the same obstacle in his historical work, and it must be owned that he sometimes ignored it. Absorbed in his own great stores of material, he often let the work of others go unobserved. It would be easy to multiply instances. Thus, the controversies about Verrazzano's explorations were conveniently settled by omitting his name altogether; there was no revision of the brief early statement that the Norse sagas were "mythological," certainly one of the least appropriate adjectives that could have been selected; Mr. Bancroft never even read—up to within a few years of his death, at any rate—the important monographs of Varnhagen in respect to Amerigo Vespucci; he did not keep up with the publications of the historical societies. Laboriously revising his whole history in 1876, and almost rewriting it for the edition of 1884, he allowed the labors of younger investigators to go on around him unobserved. The consequence is that much light has been let in upon American history in directions where he has not so much as a window; and there are points where his knowledge, vast as it is, will be found to have been already superseded. In this view that cannot be asserted of him which the late English historian, Mr. J. R. Green, proudly and justly claimed for himself: "I know what men will say of me—he died learning." But Mr. Bancroft at least died laboring, and in the harness.

Mr. Bancroft was twice married, first to Miss Sarah H. Dwight, who died June 26, 1837, and in the following year to Mrs. Elizabeth (Davis) Bliss. By the first marriage he had several children, of whom two only survive—John Chandler (Harv. Coll., 1854), now residing in Boston, and George (Harv. Coll., 1856), who has spent most of his life in Europe.

WITH BRADFORD AND HARVARD.

LONDON, December, 1890.

TRINITY COLLEGE in Cambridge holds the tithes, and a former Fellow of Trinity is the incumbent, of the joint parish of Bawtry and Austerfield in Yorkshire, where Lord Houghton, son of the late peer who was better known as Richard Monckton Milnes, is lord of the manor. His estate of Bawtry Hall lies just at the end of the little market square in Bawtry, exhibiting nothing, however, to the passer but its tufted trees behind a high brick wall; but within one finds a sloping sweep of lawn and diversifying water, open to the south, marking it as the estate of a well-conditioned landed proprietor. The present lord is hardly known to his people, being an invalid and an absentee, seeking his health in milder climes, and his estate is rented. Within his domain and neighboring to Bawtry are the little hamlets of Austerfield and Scrooby, so closely associated with the foundations of our New England Pilgrim history. At Scrooby almost every vestige is gone of the old manor-house in which Cardinal Woolsey lived at one time, and in which, during the occupancy of William Brewster, the lowly people of this region came stealthily to commune together and to counsel towards the forming of that little church of the Separatists which ultimately took the Pilgrim spirit to New England. A few old beams in an outbuilding are all that one can with confidence look upon as relics of that association of house and timid worshippers.

I stopped in Bawtry at the Crown Inn, and in sundry walks swept this hallowed region with my eye. The face of the country very likely has changed little. It is not far from level, and there still run the very by-paths across the fields by which Bradford walked from his home in Austerfield to Brewster's house in Scrooby; or at least gate, and stile, and trodden sod indicate passages that might have been made nearly three hundred years ago, preserving the neighborly rights of way which are so stubbornly supported in this country. I walked out to Austerfield on Sunday afternoon by the old highway which connects it with Bawtry and with Scrooby beyond. The little hamlet is built along a narrow road. The houses are of brick, as humble in appearance as its people are poor in substance. They told me there had not been a building built in it almost within the memory of man, except perhaps a chapel of "Primitive Methodists," where the passer heard the worshippers singing hymns. You see none of the vigor of early manhood in the people. The children pass out of the school to migrate and seek to develop in more promising regions. A little Norman church, from which the late Lord Houghton sent a stone to be built into Robert Collyer's church at Chicago, lies at one end of the village, not far from the old brick house, just beyond, which is pointed out as the home of the Bradfords of those early days of the seventeenth century. I found the vicar had already preceded me from Bawtry to hold an afternoon service. The two bells in the little belfry were alternately tolling, and as we turned from the street into a lane which bordered a cow-yard, there was no token of human presence to be seen. The long uncut dun grass was matted among the gravestones in the yard surrounding the curious little church, which stood with the belfry end towards the approach, and was streaked with the patchwork in rough stone and in plaster of change after change in the centuries since the cunning workmen groined the sightly Norman chancel arch. This arch at once attracts your attention when you enter by the rather striking little porch on the south side. The tiny building palpably shows each succeeding development of its architectural growth. Looking up the shallow chancel, we see a later Gothic window, with its apex cut off by a suspended ceiling of recenter construction. The organ-loft and seatings are of modern construction, and beneath the loft stands the old font of Bradford's day. A tablet on the wall records the fact that, some fifty years ago, additional seats were made in the little church. The vicar who holds a morning service at Bawtry, conducts another here in the afternoon with small encouragement. The sexton sat under the little reading-desk, and two women, an old man, and a child or two constituted, with my own party, the whole congregation. The vicar's wife sat at the organ, and a few children's voices in the loft joined in the anthem. The declining sun streamed upon the spot where Gov. Bradford was baptized, and the warm suffusion of the hour did something to dispel the cheerlessness of the surroundings.

The vicar showed to me at his house the registry of the church in the sixteenth century. The Bradfords, or Bradforths, were not infrequent names, before and later than the baptismal record of the future Governor of New Plymouth. I noticed the name of Button—that of one of the *Mayflower* company; but hardly another having any such familiar associations. It was but a few days later that news reached me of the death of Dr. Henry M. Dexter, who, in his pursuit of the traces of Pilgrim history, had spent so much time in more than one visit in examining this register, and drinking in the associations of a region so sacred to him as this. It is to be hoped that the ripe results of his long years' study of the formation and early progress of the church of Brewster and Bradford have culminated in a narrative which will not be kept much longer from the world. The vicar of Bawtry spoke of Dexter's eager inquiries in this region during six weeks which he spent at the Crown Inn in 1874. I have found traces of his protracted study in this field among the sixteenth and seventeenth-century tracts preserved in the Cathedral library at York and in the library of St. John's College at Cambridge.

From a pilgrimage at Austerfield and its neighborhood, I came to linger at the collegiate home of John Harvard. There is nothing in its architecture to connect him with the present condition of Emmanuel College, where Puritanism was long since banished, except one external wall of its oldest building, which is much the same in appearance as he must have known it, barring the manifest decay which threatens the whole structure. The Harvardian would gladly see in the main quadrangle of Emmanuel a duplicate of the statue of Harvard at the west end of our Memorial Hall; and one might indulge the hope that it will one day be seen there. They have his effigy in one of the stained windows of the refectory; but the figure is far from being of the same dignified and effective character with that of the statue. The colleges of Cambridge have each their distinctive boast, and the sponsorship of Harvard is most certainly that of Emmanuel. A connection with Harvard is of equal certainty a passport to the most kind hospitality of the master and fellows of the whilom Puritan College. They have nothing to exhibit as indicating the touch of his hand, except an account-book of Harvard's time, in which it seems to have been the custom of the undergraduates to debit items of expense. That the men made these entries rather than the bursar, seems perfectly clear from the variety and individual character of the hands in which, on the same page, the entries are made. There is one entry in this book under the name of John Harvard, and the signature I compared carefully with those in the registry of the University which Harvard signed when he took his bachelor's and master's degrees. The writing seemed to me identical in its distinctive peculiarities, and was quite different from that of the other entries in its neighborhood on the same page. It was interesting, when I stood by Dr. Luard in the Registry Office and looked at these signatures of Harvard, to see the men of to-day come in and sign just in the same way for the degrees which I saw conferred upon them the next day in the Senate House, when, kneeling before the Vice-Chancellor in his robes, and placing their hands in his, in an act of homage which had come down in observance from the feudal days, they listened to the complimentary honor given in language almost identical with that which President Eliot uses in Sanders Theatre on commencement days, and with the same old English pronunciation of Latin.

Dr. Phear, the Master of Emmanuel, may one day, if renewed health permits, allow Harvardians in America to testify their reverence for his College with the same emphasis which accompanied the reception of one of the Fellows of the College, Dr. Creighton, when he attended the jubilee in our Cambridge in 1886. The friends whom that gentleman made then will be glad to know with what satisfaction the Queen's recent action has been received here, when she transferred him from a canonry at Worcester to a stall in St. George's Chapel

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in Windsor. One of the London weekly journals remarked upon this intelligence, that the pupil of Stubbs in historical studies has apparently begun to tread the same path that led that distinguished historian to the bishoprics of Chester and Oxford.

There are few readier and more engaging speakers in England than Prof. Creighton, and no one who shuns work less. I have heard him twice of late. The first time was when he lectured on the preparation in Europe for the Reformation, before an audience of the townspeople, in the Chapter-house at Worcester; and the eager attention of his hearers testified to his easy mastery of a somewhat difficult subject in presenting it to the common apprehension, without prejudice or cant. The second time I listened to him on the piratical spirit of commerce in Queen Elizabeth's time. It was in the dining-hall of Emmanuel, with John Harvard looking on from the painted windows, beside Mildmay, the founder of Emmanuel. As the dining-rooms of the colleges are only used for a late dinner, it often happens that lectures are given in them, when the tables are put to use for the taking of notes. It was so on this occasion. There were three tables running lengthwise of the hall, and the speaker, using a waiter's tray propped on a cross-legged stool for a rostrum, spoke from a few notes, and referred at intervals to the books beside him. The centre table and one at the side were occupied by undergraduates and other of their sex, while the other wall table was filled with ladies and with the young women from Newnham and Girton. After the lecture, the Professor took me to one of his hearers and pupils, a recent graduate of the Harvard Annex. She later spoke to me of the inspiring character of Creighton's talks in the class-room at Newnham, where his kindly yet searching questions forced his pupils to their best endeavors. She was also struck, she said, with the labors of Seeley and Prothero—the latter a reader in history at King's—among the Newnham girls; but was not, at the same time, unmindful, of the warm efforts by which the history-students of the Harvard Annex are so admirably nurtured under Prof. Hart in the "Annex."

"But what is your drawback here?" I asked. "It is the absence of the Harvard library. When will the English learn the value of a subject-catalogue?" This is certainly a vital question in the British library methods. The idea was an appalling one to English librarians, when I was here at the forming of their library association in 1877. I perceive a great change has taken place since then, and the idea of the help which a subject-catalogue affords has been certainly grasped to some extent, and, once seized upon, one may be sure it will never be surrendered. Yet in the conversations which I had with the librarian of the University at Cambridge, I found he was still clinging to the old feeling that special published bibliographies were enough. At the British Museum, however, the other day, I found Dr. Garnett, the Keeper of the Printed Books, quite prepared to say that if the Treasury, ten years hence, would give them the money, they would then have completed their author's catalogue in type and would be ready to begin a subject-index. The American libraries boast the subject-catalogue as their invention—at least in its full development—and it is not a little gratification to see what progress their ideas have made in England during the last fifteen years—particularly to have won to their support so influential an advocate as Richard Garnett, whose name is one with which I like to close this letter.

JUSTIN WINSOR.

THE GUELPH EXHIBITION.

LONDON, January 1, 1891.

WHEN, last year, reversing chronological order, the Tudors succeeded the Stuarts at the New Gallery on Regent Street, it was thought that with them interest in these winter historical exhibitions must cease. There remained for illustration but the House of Hanover; and of the princes of this royal family Englishmen, though grateful to them, have never been proud. The four Georges and the sailor King evoke no sentiment; they arouse no enthusiasm. Among them was no great sovereign like the Tudor Henry or Elizabeth, no gallant heroes like the descendants of the martyr Charles. They were useful to England, and their services, at best but of negative value, are their sole claim to respect or honor. It seemed impossible with such material to make a show that could worthily follow the two already held. And yet the Guelph Exhibition (the Committee probably hope that the old family name may cast a glamour of romance over the sadly mediocre rulers of the Dutch Versailles), opened this week, is, taking it as a whole, the most interesting the New Gallery has yet given us.

The reason for this is not far to seek. If Hanoverian princes themselves were insignificant, the century their five reigns cover is one of the most striking in English history. Never has England had greater statesmen; never, not even in Elizabeth's day, braver soldiers and sailors. English art in the latter half of the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth century attained its most brilliant stage; English letters can boast of but few more glorious names than those on the long list that begins with Addison, Steele, and Pope, and ends with Byron, Shelley, and Coleridge. The English stage reached the zenith of its fame with its Garricks, and Keans, and Kembles. A new era was inaugurated in English science with Newton, Herschel, and Jenner. The period was great despite, and not because of, its kings, and the very insignificance of sovereigns gave additional prominence to distinguished subjects. In like manner, in the Guelph exhibition, kings and princes, who dominated the two other shows, hold but a secondary position. Interest now centres about the men and women whose genius and intellect made them the true rulers of the times.

The portraits are again the most important feature of the exhibition, and much space has been reserved for them. They cover the walls in the three galleries and in the balcony upstairs. With few exceptions, all have been seen before; many have long since been made familiar by numerous reproductions; others are known by their replicas in the National Portrait Gallery. But they never have been thus brought together to illustrate one particular period, and herein exists the chief novelty of the present arrangement. They have been divided for convenience into portraits of royalty, portraits of statesmen and commanders, portraits of artists, literary men, actors, and scientists. As the exhibition is frankly historical, and only accidentally artistic, this is the best division that could have been suggested.

In the first gallery, royalties can at once be cheerfully disposed of. There they hang in all their mediocrity: the first George, in great flowing wig, to whom Sir Godfrey Kneller could not impart a spark of interest; the second, the profligate, whom even his vices could not redeem from commonplaceness on horseback and in all the glory of red military coat; the third, his well-meaning stupidity writ large on every feature, as on that of good Queen Charlotte, an amiable, motherly person, for all her enormous hoops and fine jewels; the fourth, the first gentleman of Europe, as his valet made him; and William, with a certain theatrical pretentiousness which was not his, but was lent him by the painter, Sir Thomas Lawrence. It is interesting to compare them with the manly, self-assertive Tudors who hung on these same walls last year. There is not a man, a real man, among these English Guelphs. Is it any wonder that court painters of the eighteenth century seemed paralyzed by their royal sitters? Not Sir Joshua nor Gainsborough could give virile character to Hanoverians, though he could fill their portraits with the loveliness of color and the perfection of drawing. And if either had painted with the almost brutal realism of a Holbein, what then? These were but royal nonentities who sat to them.

In the second gallery there is another tale to tell. It is filled with statesmen and commanders. Together hang Fox and Pitt—in one portrait Pitt appears as a charming boy with a pretty girlish face, his soft hair hanging about it, in red coat and white waistcoat and breeches, lying in a brown wood—Canning and Burke. Here are Vernon—a stiffly painted and worse colored portrait, Thicknesse thought, when he saw it in the studio of Gainsborough, whose landscapes, to us so conventional, he preferred to his portraits—and Nelson, to whom, as he commanded, Rigaud the painter has added the "much-needed" beauty, but who has not fared so well at the hands of Guzzardi, the latter having shown him in his old age with the one eloquent armless sleeve. And here, too, is Col. Arthur Wellesley, weak, sensuous, effeminate-looking in his younger days, if he was at all as Hoppner painted him when Colonel of the Thirty-third Foot, and not in the least like the Duke of Wellington, the elderly gentleman with strong face and firm mouth, who hangs just above. It may be to add to his glory that the Committee have placed quite near him a portrait of Napoleon, with that marvellous head and face of his making all others in the gallery seem weak by comparison. Neither a statesman nor a commander, though included among them, but interesting to some Americans, is William Penn's second son, Thomas, in a drab coat and wig; feudal lord over 25,000,000 acres, the catalogue proudly describes him, and perhaps it is this that has gained the right of admission for himself and Lady Juliana Penn, who surely have as little claim to the distinction as the indifferent painter of their hard, flat portraits.

But it is in the third room—the Poets' corner—that the chief interest of the exhibition is concentrated. In this large company of writers, artists, scientists, and actors the whole history of Georgian greatness is revealed. More than to her Pitts and Nelsons and Wellingtons England has owed to her Popes, Shelleys, and Byrons, her Johnsons, Sternes, and Scotts, to her Reynoldses, Gainsboroughs, and Romneys, her Newtons and Herschels. There is not space here even to mention all the portraits of importance in this third room—for all are important because of their associations, even when as paintings they are as uninteresting as Westall's Byron, which cannot, however, altogether conceal the poet's great beauty, or the Shelley painted by Miss Curran, or the Keats done after his death by Joseph Severn, and repeated in many miniatures, but without the value of Hilton's drawing, also here, which has been reproduced and published in Lord Houghton's

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Life. Some, as the Gray from Pembroke College, or the Charles Lamb lent by Sir Charles Dilke, are sadly dingy and faded, with but little quality left either as portraits or paintings. But it is a fact worth noting that many of the most distinguished canvases in the exhibition are to be found in the art-and-letters group, and in this connection I shall have something to say about them.

Another very obvious classification of the portraits would separate them into those whose value is historical solely and those which possess artistic distinction as well. There is perhaps no one portrait of such preëminence as Holbein's Duke of Suffolk or Christina of Milan of last year's show; but a series that includes the work of Hogarth, Gainsborough, Reynolds, and Romney, even though their masterpieces may not be shown, cannot fail to be of enormous interest artistically. To the best in this series I can but briefly refer. In George I.'s day the court painter still came from abroad, and Sir Godfrey Kneller then held that post. As a rule, he painted mere dummies in courtier's dress, though occasionally, in rendering a voluptuous, not to say coarse, type, like the Baroness Kilmansegge, the elephant of George I.'s court, he had a certain success. But while on his canvases Addison, Steele, and Congreve, now exhibited once again, lose their individuality and are transformed into courtiers pure and simple, one of the best works of Kneller, also here, is the well-known Pope, in green gown and red cap, with character enough in the long thin face, the fine broad brow, the protruding eyes, and the sad, worn expression. For it, one would willingly exchange all the court painter's fine lords and ladies. In other London loan exhibitions Hogarth has often been better represented. His admirable portrait of his sister Anne, in Quaker-like cap and fichu, full of character, well modelled and good in tone, is an example of his work at its best. But it is his one portrait of note. A picture of the Mall, where royalty in those days condescended to walk, is attributed to him; it is interesting topographically and because of the historical record in the crowd in the foreground, but it lacks quality as a painting, and it is very doubtful whether Hogarth is really responsible for it. But little more can be said for the "Trial of the Governor of the Fleet," which, however, is a genuine Hogarth, having been presented by the artist to Sir Horace Walpole, who was loud in its praise—a fact more noteworthy than the picture.

The most important Sir Joshuas for the rendering of character, no less than for subject, are, without doubt, the portraits of Dr. Johnson—his head, free of wig, showing all its massive proportions, his hands appropriately raised as if in declamation—and of Goldsmith, the serious dignity of his face redeeming its comic if friendly homeliness. "Sir Joshua," says Leslie in his Life of the artist, "meant to paint the author of the 'Vicar of Wakefield' and of the 'Deserted Village,' and not the Goldy who was laughed at by Boswell and Hawkins and quizzed by Burke." These two portraits were sent to the Royal Academy of 1770, and there hung side by side. Near them now, originally exhibited ten years earlier, is the portrait, which every one knows, of Sterne, in gown and wig, sitting with his head supported by one hand while the other rests on his hip, the face full of humor and intellect. It is, however, in such portraits as the marvellous Mrs. Siddons as "Tragic Muse," with its fine pose and rich glowing golds and reds, sent to the Academy of 1784, and the portrait group of Jane, Duchess of Gordon, and her little boy, exquisite in composition, that the beauty of color and the grace of flowing line which Sir Joshua seems to have inherited from the Venetians, is most apparent. And to the loveliness of the first is added the charm of association; for it was in this picture that Sir Joshua signed his name in the gold border of the drapery, and then, when Mrs. Siddons discovered it, said to her, with that fine old courtesy which long since went out of fashion, "I could not lose the honor this opportunity afforded me of going down to posterity on the hem of your garment." Of the other notable Sir Joshuas, I must at least mention his Beckford, of 'Vathek' fame, with heavy, dreamy eyes and full red lips, and all the charm of color that Reynolds could give to old lace falling in a jabot over a dark coat, and to the golden glow in a brown background; his young Alexander, tenth Duke of Hamilton, and his no less youthful Canning, both with a little of that peculiar grace and elegance that gave picturesqueness to an earlier generation.

The Gainsboroughs which call for most attention are two or three sketches, brilliant and vigorous, the most delightful, perhaps, being one of the Duchess of Cumberland, the face worked out, but the hair and the dress and its laces and ruffles suggested with a few unerring touches, each of which marks the master. The completed portrait which also finds a place on the walls loses by comparison. It is in these sketches that Gainsborough was least hampered by traditional conventions and the whims of his sitters. Another is of James Quin, the comedian, and nothing could be better than the character expressed in the fat face, alight with humor, despite the heavy, gross cheeks and double chin, and nothing simpler than the means employed; the head alone has been sketched in. This portrait, lent by the Queen, usually hangs in one of the bedchambers in Buckingham Palace into which the tourist never penetrates, and is now publicly exhibited for the first time.

To Romney justice is scarcely done, though he is represented by three portraits of Lady Hamilton, the first he ever painted of the beauty he afterwards painted so often, when he found her a servant in Mrs. Harvey's house at Ickwell Bury, and two lovely studies of her bewitching, smiling face set in a halo, as it were, of fair brown hair. A curious contrast is his Cowper, in bright red cap, and his striking portrait of himself. This is a half-length, and the artist's father, an old man with gray hair, stands just behind him. The color is sombre, and from the dark background the strong, nervous, strangely handsome face of the artist looks out with an intensity that is fairly startling. There are also portraits of Kneller, courtly, of course; Reynolds, fine in color; Gainsborough, disappointingly characterless; Hoppner, with fine qualities; Morland, bottle and glass at his side, which each artist has painted of himself, thus giving his portrait a double value; but all are thrown into comparative shade by the haunting face of Romney.

Like the portraits, the other exhibits—and they are many—are either wholly historical or partly works of art. To the first category belong the manuscripts. The collection is really a very wonderful one, and has been selected with much care and skill. Again royalty is eclipsed in interest, though it is curious to find how much more readily the first Georges wrote in every language but English; and one does not look wholly with indifference on a letter from George IV. to Wellington offering him the command of the army, beginning "My dear Friend," and signed "Always with great truth, your sincere friend, G. R." But one lingers far longer and with greater pleasure over Addison's illegible correspondence, or Boswell's invitations to dinner at the Crown and Anchor in the Strand to meet Dr. Johnson; over Byron's letters to Hoppner from Ravenna announcing a flight to Switzerland, now the Guiccioli is menaced by a convent; and Shelley's explanations to Byron about Clare and Allegra. There are letters from Smollett and Richardson and Scott, from Sterne and Swift and Charles Lamb; receipts from Kneller and Hogarth, notes to Lady Hamilton from Romney, to Stodhart from Hoppner. The correspondence of Davy, Herschel, Jenner, and Newton has been borrowed from. Among some of the other interesting examples in the collection are a long appeal from Kitty Clive to Garrick after the stoppage of her salary, and a volume of the 'Proceeding in the House of Commons touching the Impeachment of Edward, late Earl of Clarendon,' belonging to Swift, in which in the margin he has written, "a silly, tedious Irony," and "a very foolish Preface, J. S." The manuscripts should have an exhibition to themselves. In such a large show, containing so much that at first sight is more striking, they are but too easily overlooked.

The "relics" also are chiefly historical in their interest. But the enormous success of the Stuart relics cannot be hoped for them. It is not easy to be moved to sentiment over odds and ends that once belonged to the Guelphs. Even the loves of George IV. and Mrs. Fitzherbert hardly suggest romance, and it is not exactly a sentimental pleasure that one takes in their wedding rings and in their "eyes" done by the miniature painter Cosway and set, one in a ring, another in a locket. The uniform worn by Wellington at Waterloo and a number of articles taken from the carriage of Napoleon have more value. But even these have not quite the attraction of Dr. Johnson's writing-desk, Byron's neckerchief, or netting done by the poet Cowper.

Of more artistic importance are the miniatures, of which there is an unusually fine collection; the snuff-boxes, bonbonnières, and patch-boxes in exquisite repoussé work, in lapis lazuli and mother-of-pearl, painted or enamelled, in fact, of every possible sort and description; the seals, beautiful and varied (for the Georgian was the era of seals), and the watches, the latter rivalling the miniatures in numbers and beauty. There are also fair specimens of Worcester, and Chelsea, and Wedgwood ware, and of Battersea enamels, which probably reached their greatest perfection in the latter half of the eighteenth century. But of these I have left myself no space to speak. Rarely before have the English Guelphs appeared to better advantage. The Exhibition serves as a forcible reminder that, however weak and insignificant Hanoverian princes themselves were, the Hanoverian period was great in statesmanship, literature, and art.

N. N.

MADAME DE WARENS.

PARIS, January 11, 1891.

M. FRANÇOIS MUGNIER, Councillor at the Court of Chambéry in Savoy, has used his leisure time in studying the history of Rousseau and of the friend of Rousseau, Mme. de Warens, so well known to all the readers of the famous 'Confessions.' You will recognize at once the lawyer and magistrate in the author

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of this historical and critical work; it would be difficult to be more accurate and detailed in the facts—so inexperienced in the art of writing. The book can be praised for its exactitude: it has at times almost a discouraging dulness, and the author loses himself in a multitude of little facts which have an indirect relation to his subject, but which in themselves are without interest. As for the style, one can hardly qualify it; it is no style at all, it is commonplace and what we call *gris* (gray). The book will nevertheless remain a part of the *Literatur*, as the Germans say, of Rousseau.

The rôle played by Rousseau not only in the development of French literature, but also in the development of ideas which preceded and partly caused the French Revolution, is of such magnitude that whatever concerns him assumes some importance. It is not surprising if, in his 'Confessions,' Rousseau, though he spoke of himself with a terrible sincerity, altered many facts. M. Mugnier has been doing for him what a certain M. Biré is now doing for Victor Hugo; he has caught him not once, but a hundred times and more, in what Newman politely called an economy of truth.

Mme. de Warens, the friend and protector of Rousseau when Rousseau was young and unknown, was born at Vevey, on May 31, 1699; her name was Françoise Louise de la Tour. Her mother died a year after her birth; her father married again, uniting with the daughter of a French Protestant who had found a refuge in Switzerland. The child remained with two aunts; when she was not yet fourteen years old, in the spring of 1713, she was engaged to Sébastien Isaac de Loys, son of Jean Baptiste de Loys, Seigneur de Lavardin. The marriage took place in September. M. de Loys was, like many Swiss noblemen, an officer; he had served in the army of the Duke of Savoy, then under the King of Sweden. He was now captain in the service of Berne. He took the name of Warens from a small estate of his father. In 1724 M. and Mme. de Warens settled at Lausanne, and afterwards at Vevey. In 1726 Mme. de Warens left for Evian, on the Savoy shore of the Lake of Geneva, under pretext of taking the waters. King Victor Amadeus was with his little court at that place. Mme. de Warens asked for an audience, and begged for his protection, as she declared to him that she wished to abandon the Protestant religion and to become a Catholic. The King gave her an escort of four of his guards, and she was taken to Annecy, to the Convent of the Visitation, in order to receive a complete religious instruction. On leaving Vevey for Evian, she had taken with her her jewels, the silver, and the best part of the linen. She was twenty-seven years old when she made her flight.

The special protection given by Victor Amadeus II. and by the Bishop of Geneva (Rossillon de Bernex) gave great éclat to the conversion of Mme. de Warens. Victor Amadeus bestowed upon her a pension of 1,500 livres, and the Bishop of Maurienne added to it a pension of 200 livres. The Bishop of Geneva had hoped that the example set by her would be followed by many persons, especially ladies belonging to the first Swiss families; but the Government of Berne took strong measures. It confiscated the property of Mme. de Warens; her divorce from her husband was pronounced. She herself did not show any great religious enthusiasm; she had nothing in her of the saint; she made it her profession to make her house a rendezvous for converts, but she was willing to receive everybody; she was gay and childish, and really indifferent in matters of religion.

She had already been two years in Annecy when Rousseau arrived. If it had not been for this event, the name of Mme. de Warens would certainly never have been mentioned outside of the smallest Savoyard circle, and she would have been long ago forgotten. Jean Jacques was born in Geneva on June 28, 1712; he was therefore thirteen years younger than Mme. de Warens. He came to Annecy in 1728; she was twenty-nine years old, and he was a boy of sixteen. Jean Jacques has told us that his grandfather was a minister; this quality really belonged to his great-uncle; his grandfather was a watchmaker. He also makes a graceful picture of the double marriage of his father and of his uncle on the same day; his uncle was really married five years after his father. As for that father, he was a singular man: violent, quarrelsome, fond of novels; he left the watch-making trade and turned dancing-master. After some quarrel he was condemned to three months' imprisonment; he quitted Geneva and fled to Germany. Jean Jacques had no father left. At the age of ten he entered as an apprentice at an engraver's, and remained three years with him. His master was very brutal, and he left Geneva on the 14th of March, 1728, going to Annecy, where he was directed by a curate to Mme. de Warens. She sent him to Turin, where he changed his religion and was employed as a servant in several houses. We have in the 'Émile' the history of that time: "There was, thirty years ago, in an Italian town, a young man reduced to the greatest penury. He was born a Calvinist, but, finding himself without resources, in a foreign land, he changed his religion in order to get bread." The Abbé Gaime, who showed him some kindness, is the "Vicaire savoyard," and afterwards inspired in Rousseau some of the finest pages which he ever wrote.

Rousseau had preserved a lively recollection of the lady whom he had seen in Annecy, who had appeared to him young, handsome, smiling, when he expected to find a stern matron. He returned to her; she allowed him to call her "Maman," she called him "Petit." She resolved to prepare him for the priesthood, and he entered the seminary. He had no vocation, and he was sent back to Mme. de Warens. After a short sojourn in Lyons, he returned again to Annecy, but did not find his protectress, who had left for Paris with M. d'Aubonne and her intendant, Claude Anet. It would be tedious to relate all the movements of Mme. de Warens. She was always at war with her husband's family, always intriguing, always trying to improve her condition. Rousseau had, even more than she, an uneasy spirit, and we find him in July, 1733, having completed his twenty-first year, fighting with his own family and claiming a part of his father's estate, anxious as he was to repay to Mme. de Warens a part of the money which she continued to spend for him.

In the spring of 1733 Claude Anet attempted suicide, and on this occasion Jean Jacques discovered that this faithful servant of Mme. de Warens was, and had been for several years, her lover. As Claude Anet plays a great part in the 'Confessions,' we must tell exactly who he was. He was born at Montreux, on January 17, 1706; he was therefore six years older than Rousseau and seven years younger than Mme. de Warens. His family had always been in the service of her family. His uncle was gardener of M. de Warens. When Mme. de Warens fled from Vevey, he fled with her, and he changed his religion when she did. It may be inferred from this fact that he obeyed a great passion, and that his passion had been reciprocated even at the time when Mme. de Warens was still under her husband's roof. When Rousseau discovered the real nature of the tie between the person whom so far he had always called "Mamma" and Claude Anet, he aspired to become himself her lover. M. Mugnier doubts, and we doubt with him, if Mme. de Warens, before treating Jean Jacques as a man and a lover, prepared him for this great change with the solemnity of which Rousseau speaks in the 'Confessions'; but it is really difficult to reason on the actions of such extraordinary people as Mme. de Warens and Rousseau. If we believe Rousseau, Claude Anet had not been her first lover; he names two others—M. de Tavel and the pastor Perret. She had for years concealed her relations with young Anet, who was her servant, and apparently a most faithful and devoted one. As for Rousseau, as soon as Mme. de Warens had become his mistress, he confided his happiness to Claude Anet.

It is difficult to imagine a more shocking life than that led at this juncture at Mme. de Warens's house. Rousseau as well as "Maman" appear to have been hardly conscious of it. Claude Anet seems to have had the most natural feelings—the infidelity of Mme. de Warens was a great blow to him. He died on the 13th of March, 1734, of pleurisy. "Mme. de Warens," says M. Mugnier, "was cruelly smitten by this event. She lost a wise and devoted friend, whose economy and firmness almost assured her existence. She lost even more: her fatherland disappeared with him and for ever. With whom could she now, in her hours of sadness, talk of the Lake, of the years of her youth, of the old friends? The fantastic and morose Rousseau, even in the *fine black coat* of Claude, could not replace him." Mme. de Warens lost soon afterwards her protector, the old Bishop of Annecy, who allowed her a pension; the pension which she received from Turin was very irregularly paid, and she was constantly claiming the arrears. The account of the common life of Rousseau and of Mme. de Warens given by M. Mugnier is interesting; it completes and rectifies in some points the account given in the 'Confessions.' Rousseau is not blind to the weakness of his mistress; he tells us how, during a journey he made to Grenoble, she took a substitute in the person of another new consort, a young Vintzenried, "a great *fade blondin*, well made, with a flat face, a mind equally flat, speaking like a fine Leander, vain, ignorant, etc.; and, after having said that the "poor Mamma," wishing to attach him to her service, "employed all the means which she thought proper, not forgetting those on which she counted most," he adds, grandiloquently: "Oh! if souls delivered from their terrestrial chains still behold from the midst of the eternal light what goes on among mortals, forgive me, dear and respected shade, if I do not spare your faults more than my own."

Here you have the whole Rousseau: a singular mixture of meanness and loftiness. Could this medley of vices and of intellectual qualities which characterizes Rousseau be understood by Mme. de Warens? Vile as her conduct was, she was more of a lady than he was of a gentleman, and she probably had a not bad influence over him. Visitors continue to go, year after year, to Les Charmettes. Her life there is described in the minutest details in the book of M. Mugnier. He describes all the little agitations of her empty life after Rousseau left her. Her money troubles ended only with her existence; she died almost in poverty, and was buried July 30, 1762.

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Correspondence.

WOMEN AT JOHNS HOPKINS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In a minute adopted by the Board of Trustees of Johns Hopkins University on the 29th of October last, it was unanimously resolved that when the Medical School of the University shall be opened, "women whose previous training has been equivalent to the preliminary medical course prescribed for men shall be admitted to such school upon the same terms as may be prescribed for men." If the action of the Trustees had ended here, the pronounced friends of coeducation would have scored a triumph. As a matter of fact, they will have to discover in the policy of the Johns Hopkins Board what Mr. Herbert Spencer has discovered in his social groups, retrogression as well as progression. For the minute already quoted goes on to expressly declare that it shall be understood that "such preliminary training in all its parts shall be obtained in some other institution of learning devoted in whole or in part to the education of women, or by private tuition."

At first sight this clause of the minute (which on its adoption was published in the daily papers of Baltimore, and now appears in the annual report of the University for 1890) will probably appear to the impartial friends of the higher education of women as a wise and useful precaution on the part of the governors of the University. On closer examination it will be seen to partially neutralize the value of the preceding clause. The requirements for admission to the future medical school will be high. It is not stated at present in what degree and in what way they will differ from the entrance requirements of the other leading medical schools of the country; but much may be inferred from the fact that those who have advocated the admission of women to the medical department of a university hitherto severely closed to the sex, have based their claim to support and assistance on the ground of the *national* importance of a school which will be able to supply those advantages which women must now seek in the "great foreign schools of Vienna, Paris, and Switzerland." The "Preliminary Medical Course" of the University, organized in 1882, will lead directly to the subjects required for admission to the Medical School. It is safe to assume that the studies pursued in this course will not overlap or anticipate those prescribed for the medical course proper, and that the time and work of the intending medical student will be economized to the utmost degree consistent with his proper instruction. But of these advantages of economized time and carefully adapted preparation no woman living in Baltimore, or in any of those parts of the South and West of which Baltimore is the natural educational centre, will be at liberty to avail herself.

To urge that Philadelphia, where there is a woman's medical school fully able to meet the necessities of preparation, is only ninety miles away from Baltimore, or that this or that woman's college will organize the requisite preliminary courses in chemistry and biology, does not squarely meet the point. The fact remains that such superior or especial advantage as the chemical and biological departments of the Johns Hopkins University offer in the preparation of medical students, will not be within reach of one class of students, nor will Baltimore, under present conditions, be a practicable place of residence for them. This latter fact is the more to be regretted from a conservative point of view, inasmuch as the Johns Hopkins is situated in a city throughout which its students are scattered as lodgers and boarders, so that the presence of women students could not interfere with the habits of students united in a corporate mode of life, as has been urged with reference to some of the colleges where such a mode exists.

Entrance to any of the Johns Hopkins courses of study is not granted on easy terms, so that women who had obtained the instruction necessary for admission to the preliminary medical course might reasonably be considered "picked" women in a sense sufficient to furnish guarantee of their seriousness of purpose in entering this course. It is difficult to understand why women who are to be trained jointly with men in hospital wards, in clinics, and in medical lecture-rooms, should not two years earlier receive instruction in common with them in physical, chemical, and biological lecture-rooms and laboratories. It is not consistent with a true knowledge of the human mind to draw an arbitrary line of separation in work in which the two sexes are ultimately to be thrown together in the closest relationship as students. Where problems so delicate and serious as those to be discussed in the study of medicine in all its branches are to be faced by men and women together, it would seem only common logic to assume that a previous habit of joint investigation of some of the less difficult problems of organic and inorganic life would afford a highly desirable training, for both sexes, in that purely scientific attitude of mind which is in itself the best safeguard against the dreaded evils of coeducation.

A. C. K.

Baltimore, January 13, 1891.

THE DIFFERENCE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The letter of my life-long friend, Prof. Thayer, illustrates exactly the difference between the methods which we advocate. He believes in Indian reform through the existing Government machinery, and has for years devoted time and effort as well as money to bringing it about. I tell him, and not for the first time, that his sacrifices are in vain; that Indian or any other reform with the present machinery is impossible, and that all reformers, before they accomplish anything, will have to put their strength together to get the machinery changed, and can then resume their different roads.

No member of either the House or Senate can or will ever get such a bill as he wants passed, for many reasons. In the first place, such a member only represents a locality, and is one unit among nearly 400. As long as he works for some local or private interest, he will find support from members who want his help for *their* schemes. The moment he sets up as guardian of the national honor or interest in the protection of the weak and defenceless, he is regarded as a Don Quixote, and finds himself like a child in the hands of the Indian Ring. Ask anybody who has tried to pilot a bill of general interest, even where there was no opposition, through the committees and the two houses, what sort of work it is, and then what chance he would have against such a combination as stands between him and the Indians.

Suppose, however, that some member or combination of members should by superhuman effort get a bill passed, they would have no security whatever for the mode of administration, at once secret and irresponsible. Mr. Thayer refers to a bill which has been for some years sleeping in the Senate as a good bill, but defective because it leaves the Indian Bureau in existence. Exactly, and does he imagine that any bill could ever be passed which did not contain some similar expedient for neutralizing it in the administration? A popular idea has long been to put the Indians under the control of the army, the result of which, under our present system, would be only to corrupt the army.

The only way to get at any real result would be to put the Indians in direct charge of some department, War or Interior, and to hold the head of that department, ex-officio, personally and publicly responsible for their condition, to make him stand up in open Congress, state, under a fire of debate and cross-examination, which would be even hotter than that of the Indian Ring, what legislation he thought necessary, use all the weight of his national official position to get it passed, and then to hold him to constant and public responsibility for its administration. In carrying out this there would be ample opportunity for the member to whom Mr. Thayer appeals; but to ask such a member to run a tilt against the whole mass of both House and Senate is to consign him, as remarked, to the inevitable fate of Don Quixote against the windmill.

G. B.

Boston, January 15, 1891.

THE JAMESTOWN CHURCH MYTH.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: When a myth creeps into history, it cannot be expelled without resistance. In a pleasantly written article on the old mansions and sites of the lower James River, published in the January number of the *Century Magazine*, it is mentioned that the ruined tower at Jamestown is a part of the old church in which John Rolfe was married to Pocahontas. There is no truth in the declaration, although it has found a place in several respectable histories.

The following are the facts as to Jamestown churches: When Lord Delaware arrived in 1610, he found a log chapel, "ruined and unfrequented," which was repaired. In 1616 John Rolfe described the town as containing fifty persons. Before 1619 the people, at their own charge, had built a church of hewn timber, fifty feet in length and twenty in breadth, an edifice to be remembered as the place where, in July, 1619, the first legislative assembly in North America convened. The first brick edifice of any kind in Jamestown was erected about the year 1640, and after this there was a brick church, twenty-three by fifty-six feet in dimensions, the foundations of which Bishop Meade traced. The church whose tower is now seen was built between 1676 and 1684, long after the bones of John Rolfe had crumbled to dust. The old magazine at Jamestown, a picture of which appears in the *Century*, was built about the same time as the last church. In the manuscript records of the Council of Virginia preserved by the Virginia Historical Society, under date of March 11, 1672 (O. S.), there is complaint against the contractors, who had brought the bricks but had not begun the building of the fort. In time it was completed, and is thus described by Clayton, who had been rector of the church:

"Now they have built a silly sort of a fort, that is, a brick wall in the shape of a half-moon, at the beginning of the swamp, because the channel of the river lies very near to the shore, but it is the same as if a fort were built at Chelsea to secure London from being taken by shipping. Besides, ships passing up the river are secured from the guns of the Fort till they come directly against the Fort by rea-

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son it stands in a vale. . . . There was, indeed, an old fort of earth in the town, being a sort of tetragone, with something like bastions, as I remember; they let it be demolished, *and built the new one*, which serves little better than a defence to shoot wild ducks or geese."

Will some of your correspondents give me the authority for the declaration so often made that Rolfe was married at Jamestown?

EDWARD D. NEILL.

MACALESTER COLLEGE, SAINT PAUL, MINN.

TALLEYRAND ANTICIPATED.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In Mr. Whitelaw Reid's introduction to the extracts from the memoirs of Talleyrand, he quotes the statement to the effect that "In our day it is not easy to deceive for a long time. There is some one who has more sense than Voltaire, more than Bonaparte, more than any Director, more than any minister, past, present, or to come."

Commenting on this, he writes: "Students of current American politics are accustomed to the phrase, 'Everybody is wiser than anybody.' It may interest some of them to note from the above that Talleyrand said so before the American politicians."

But before that clever analyst of human nature had jotted down the remarks above mentioned, one who used the scalpel with possibly still greater skill in laying bare the motives of human action, and who exhibited unsurpassed acuteness in formulating rules for a successful career in "the world" — La Rochefoucauld, in short—had, in his 394th maxim, written as follows: "On peut être plus fin qu'un autre, mais non pas plus fin que tous les autres." Whether the adorer of Mme. La Fayette was the first observer who reduced this truth to the compass of a brief remark, or whether it can be traced back still further, I know not, and will leave for some one else to point out.

WM. D. GAILLARD.

CHARLESTON, S. C., January 10, 1891.

THE MISPLACED *H*.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Within a few days I have received a dissertation presented to the University at Helsingfors, Finland, in April, 1890, by Uno Lindelöf, and entitled, 'Die Sprache des Rituals von Durham: ein Beitrag zur altenglischen Grammatik.' The author, a pupil of Zupitza, has made an analysis of the Ritual gloss with much the same care, apparently, that Zeuner bestowed on the Psalter. In treating of the letter *h* he furnishes additional testimony to the antiquity of the peculiar use to which attention was recently called by F. H. In his opinion the gloss belongs probably to the end of the tenth century. He says (p. 69):

"Anlautendes *h* ist vor Vocalen sicher einfacher Hauch. Dass es sehr schwach war, beweist der Umstand, dass es einigemal unorganisch vor Vocalen erscheint, so wie es in neuenglischen Dialekten und in der Sprache ungebildeter Engländer oft der Fall ist. Hierher gehören: *se halda* (anticum) 105.8; *sio hatt'ne* (vipera) 125.14, welches wohl zu *attor* gehört; und *gehude* (praestabat) 197.10. —Nicht nur vor Vocalen kommt ein unorganisches *h* vor; dasselbe lässt sich einigemal auch vor *r* belegen; die Aussprache des *h* in der Gruppe *hr* muss wohl auch sehr schwach gewesen sein; *gihresta* (requiescere) 124.11; *gihriord* (epulam) 116.17 u. *gihrordiga* (epulemur, Skeat's Coll.) 25.9; *halges gihrynes* (sacramenti) 7.9; ebenso vor *l*: *hlæt* 28.10.

"Anderseits kommt auch Schwund von einem etymologisch berechtigten *h* im Anlaut vor: a) vor Vocalen: *use* (tabernaculo) 65.8; *ellvar'* (infernorum) 59.10; b) vor *l*: *lafard-scipes* 182.10; *gilytto* (consortia) 22.20 für *gihlytto* (belegt 95.17, etc.; geslytte 191.20 ist Schreibfehler)."

Other examples, drawn mainly from the Northumbrian Gospels, may be found collected by Hilmer ('Zur altnordhumbrischen Laut- und Flexionslehre,' p. 43-4).

Very truly yours, EDWARD M. BROWN.

UNIVERSITY OF CINCINNATI, January 14, 1891.

"ENGLISH AS SHE IS WROTE."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: As you have recently published two gems of foreign English, I beg to offer you a third, which seems to me too valuable a treasure to be lost or wasted. It is a translation from Baron von Liebig, printed on the wine-list of a Munich hotel, to allure the temperate visitors from England and America:

"As a means of refreshment,
When the faculties are exhausted;
To animate and cheer up,
When tristful days are to be overcome;
To regulate an adjust,
When disproportions in the nourishment
And disturbances of the organism
Have taken place;
And as a defense
Against transitory molestations,
Called forth by disorganic nature;
It is then that WINE
Will not be surpassed
By any product of nature
Or of art."

E. R.

BOSTON, January 16, 1891.

Notes.

THE announcements of the Messrs. Putnam for the coming season include the following works: 'The Battle of Manassas,' a reply to Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, by Gen. Beauregard; the second volume of John Jay's Writings and Correspondence, by Prof. H. P. Johnston; 'Chapters on the Theory and History of Banking,' by Prof. Charles F. Dunbar of Harvard University; 'Principles of Social Economics,' by George Gunton; 'How We Went and What We Saw,' a journey in the Levant, by Charles McCormick Reeve; 'Pilgrims in Palestine,' a family journey described by Thomas Hodgkin; 'Winona, a Dakota Legend; and Other Poems,' by Capt. E. L. Huggins, U.S.A.; 'The Vikings in Western Christendom, A. D. 789-888,' by Charles F. Keary; and 'A Literary Manual of Foreign Quotations (Latin, Italian, French, and German),' by John Devoe Belton.

Col. T. A. Dodge follows up his 'Alexander,' in his series of great military leaders, with 'Hannibal,' which is now in the press of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., as is also the second volume of Mr. James Parton's 'Captains of Industry.' They have nearly ready 'Francis Wayland,' in the series of American Religious Leaders, by Prof. J. O. Murray of Princeton, and the 'Crystal Button,' a Bellamytish story by Chauncey Thomas.

Mr. Edwin Arnold's new poem, 'The Light of the World,' is set down for publication next month by Funk & Wagnalls.

Jameson's 'Story of the Rear Column of the Emin Pasha Relief Expedition' is to find an American publisher in the United States Book Co.

'Undesigned Coincidences in the Old and New Testaments,' by the Rev. John J. Blunt, will shortly be issued by Wilbur B. Ketcham, New York.

W. S. Gottsberger & Co. publish directly 'A Child's Romance,' by Pierre Loti, in an authorized translation by Mrs. Clara Bell.

Riehl's tale, 'Der Fluch der Schönheit,' has been edited for schools by Prof. Calvin Thomas of Michigan University, and is ready to be published by D. C. Heath & Co., Boston.

We recently had occasion to speak with praise of the first two volumes of the new 'Hand-book of Athletic Sports,' edited by Ernest Bell for the Bohn Library (New York: Scribner & Welford). The third and last is now obtainable, and we need do no more than mention the branches treated in it, viz., boxing, wrestling, fencing, broad-sword, and single-stick. Under the last caption the shillalah is introduced, with examples of its riotous employment, its mode of use (the left fore-arm guarding the left side of the head), and the humors of the Irish fondness for this weapon.

Nearly twenty years ago Mr. Edward Powers, C. E., sent us his 'War and the Weather,' an attempt to prove that the bringing on of rain was measurably within human control by the use of artillery. Mr. Powers's experimental evidence was drawn, of course, from the history of warfare. His argument and his arrangement seemed to us very defective then, and a revised edition which he has just published at Delavan, Wis., will not yet commend itself to a reasoning mind. He has adopted at least one of the corrections we pointed out in 1871, and by so much, at least, we can say the new book is better than the old; but otherwise we should have to repeat our judgment.

Mrs. F. J. A. Darr's 'The Strange Friend of Tito Gil' (A. Lovell & Co.), from the Spanish of Pedro A. De Alarcón, is really that writer's 'The Friend of Death' (*El Amigo de la Muerte*), with the hero given a new name and other liberties taken with the original. The translator's knowledge of Spanish appears to be so good that her occasional blunders are probably due to carelessness. For the rest the little tale is a whimsical one, miles away from all likelihood even to a Spanish reader, and still further to the English. The statement volunteered by the publishers that this story has led all Alarcón's others "in popularity and sales" is grossly inaccurate.

No. 1 in the "Diplomatic Series" of Mr. Worthington C. Ford's 'Winnowings in American History,' takes up the first diplomatic question that confronted the newly framed government of the United States in 1790, namely, our relations with Spain, and particularly the question what reply was to be given to the request which Washington expected the British to make, for permission to cross our territory with an expeditionary corps directed against the Spanish forts on the lower Mississippi. The President asked the opinion of each member of his Cabinet on this point, and their replies are here published in full. The general opinion was, that the permission should not be granted, and yet that it would be unwise to refuse outright lest the British should go ahead anyhow, and the feeble Government be unable to resent the affront. From those weak beginnings to the time when we do not propose to allow British vessels to navigate the Pacific Ocean, how vast the change!

Mr. Cecil Charles's 'Honduras' (Rand, McNally & Co.) is an unpretentious account of personal experiences in mining camps and along the route across the country, together with considerable information about its mineral and agricultural resources.

Something of the air of a hymn-book or a pocket Bible has been given to a complete edition of Tennyson's Poems just issued by Macmillan & Co. Gilt edges, rounded corners, flexible, dark morocco covers imply what is precious and intimate, and the small type and the thin but not translucent paper insure the necessary compactness. Altogether one seldom sees a more attractive volume of poetry, and it may well serve as a model. A steel portrait accompanies it.

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'Memorabilia' is almost the last word to be applied to the volume intended to commemorate the late George B. Cheever, D.D., and his wife Elizabeth Wetmore, which comes to us from John Wiley & Sons. Half the book, or nearly 340 pages, is devoted to a collection of Dr. Cheever's verse, which has nothing memorable about it. So Dr. Cheever's nominal biography of his wife is inexpressibly crude, diffuse, discursive, and would be no loss if it had never been written. The same may be said, with very few exceptions, of the mass of letters pitchforked in at the end, with such an utter disregard of chronology that generally no date is affixed, and sometimes the reply precedes the original missive. The contents are dreadfully commonplace, for the most part. Cheever was a college classmate of Longfellow, and there are two or three characteristic brief letters by the poet. In one of these he says truly of Dr. Cheever's portrait, as the reader may judge from the frontispiece: "It not only resembles you, but two other persons whom one may not be ashamed to resemble, namely, Dr. Channing and Mr. Ruskin. The same outline of face, the same expression." A climax of disappointment is afforded by the so-called "copious index," which is neither an index nor copious.

Dr. Augustus Jessopp has done a good service by reprinting, in the Bohn Library (New York: Scribner & Welford), 'The Lives of the Norths,' together with their biographer's autobiography, which Dr. Jessopp himself first gave to the light in 1887. All previous editions, together with this concerning Roger North himself, had become scarce, while the historic worth and the human interest of these lives are perennial. There are three steel portraits of Francis, Dudley, and Roger North, and an index, not very full except as regards proper names; the whole in three volumes having the familiar Bohn stamp.

'Macmillan's School Atlas' considerably exceeds in bulk and importance works of the corresponding class in this country, and would have to be still larger if a special set of maps of the several States were prepared for American pupils. We should rather be disposed to emphasize another use of it, namely, as a family atlas, since it is a cheap and handy medium between our school atlases and the larger folios. It is equipped with an index, too. The physical as well as the political side of geography is well looked after. The workmanship is that of John Bartholomew & Co., less elegant in engraving and less delicate in coloring than that of the great German establishments, but sufficiently clear. The atlas is neatly bound in red cloth.

The Interior Department issues from time to time a wall-map of the United States, and such a one was prepared last year, under the auspices of the Geological Survey and the special direction of Mr. Henry Gannett, by Mr. Harry King, chief draughtsman. It has been beautifully engraved by Julius Bien & Co. of this city. The scale is 1:2,500,000, or approximately 40 miles to the inch. The topography is indicated by contour lines in red, at 100, 500, 1,000, 1,500, 2,000, 3,000, etc., feet above sea level. The 100-foot line is the most interesting of all, and, on the east coast, the loop which it makes in Florida shows strikingly how small a part of the peninsula has even this modest elevation. On the Pacific Coast the same line hugs the shore, and the higher succeed rapidly. The railroad system of the United States is delineated on this map.

A late *Athenæum* contains the notice issued by the Controller of the University Press, Oxford, respecting the terms for furnishing photographic negatives and prints from MSS., printed books, etc., in the Bodleian Library. This is a great boon to scholars, book-illustrators, and lecturers with the lantern, and the example cannot fail to be imitated in all great libraries the world over. The prices cited are remarkably low, as seventy-five cents for a 10x8 negative taken at the Library, eight cents for a silver print, and twenty for a platinotype or a carbon print, with reductions according to quantity. As the *Athenæum* remarks, "if (say) six persons of similar tastes will join to form a syndicate, they can obtain most satisfactory results."

We have received the first number of the *Pedagogical Seminary*, "an international record of educational literature, institutions, and progress," edited by Dr. G. Stanley Hall, President of Clark University, at Worcester, Mass. There will be three numbers a year. The first article, following the salutatory exposition of the objects of the new magazine, is by the editor, and treats of Educational Reforms. The next is a timely one, by W. H. Burnham, on the New German School, or the burning question of the reform of the Gymnasium. Then follow *précis* of works illustrating the higher education in France, Germany, the rest of Europe, and North America; medical education, and intermediate and elementary education. Notes conclude the number, giving summary accounts of recent publications, addresses, news-letters, etc. It cannot be doubted that the *Seminary* fills a gap.

Prof. William James vigorously takes up the cudgels for the proposed shortening of the college course in the *Harvard Monthly* for January. He argues—justly, as we believe—that a three years' course would deter from idleness and indifference (and we will add prankishness) in the first year, and would "brace up all along the line." He also touches the marrow of the question when he says: "The distinction of passmen from honormen, of 'general-culture men' from specializers, is founded in the nature of things, and *must* be provided for in our academic arrangements. Let the higher degrees serve for the latter class; let the lower degrees serve for the former." *Per contra*, the minority report of the Harvard Faculty in opposition to the change is given in the *Crimson* of January 15.

In the New York *Teacher* for December last, Prof. Hugh S. Bird criticises Mr. Worthington C. Ford's recent letter to this journal on the subject of Colonial Education in Virginia, laying especial stress on what the College of William and Mary contributed towards it.

On January 24 the Massachusetts Historical Society will celebrate its hundredth anniversary in the Arlington Street Church, Boston, with an address by Mr. T. W. Higginson. Moreover, it will make this event the occasion of issuing a volume of letters written to or by its founder, Dr. Jeremy Belknap, edited by Mr. Charles C. Smith. This collection promises to possess uncommon interest, both because of the eminence of the correspondents and the light which is shed upon the social, religious, political, and literary history of New England during the last quarter of the eighteenth century.

An archæological survey of Egypt has been undertaken by the Egypt Exploration Fund; and Mr. George Fraser, a civil engineer, and Mr. Percy E. Newberry, a specially trained student and photographer, have already begun work in the southern part of the province of Minieh, Upper Egypt. The results of each year's work will be published in volumes uniform with the annual memoirs of the Fund. A special fund has been opened for this survey, and subscriptions to it from America may be sent to the Rev. W. C. Winslow, 525 Beacon Street, Boston.

In our notice last week of Mr. Reeves's admirable work on 'The Finding of Wineland the Good,' we ought to have stated that the American publishers are Macmillan & Co.

—In the extracts from his Memoirs published in the current *Century*, Talleyrand tells of the Maine Yankee who would have liked well enough to see Gen. Washington, but whose enthusiasm was evoked by the idea of seeing "Mr. Bingham, the man who they say is so rich." "Throughout the States," comments Talleyrand (as translated in the *Century*), "I met with similar love for money, and often as coarsely expressed." From the fame of the narrator this story is likely to become a universally known illustration of the sordidness of the Yankee character; but a Boston correspondent calls our attention to the fact that so strong an inference is hardly justified. To a Maine rustic in 1794-95, when Talleyrand was in this country, William Bingham was probably the richest man in the world—indeed, so far as his immediate knowledge went, the only man of great wealth; but he was also a local celebrity, and it was less the amount of his wealth than his use of it which made him such. In 1786, the year of Shays' rebellion, it was very difficult even for a State to raise money, and in that year Massachusetts established a "land lottery," 2,720 tickets being offered for sale (at £60), each warranted to draw a prize. The larger prizes were to consist of a township six miles square, the smaller of a lot one-half a mile square; the entire territory thus disposed of being situated between the Penobscot and St. Croix Rivers, and including a part of Mt. Desert Island, as recent purchasers of villa lots in that neighborhood are aware. In payment of tickets soldiers' claims and other forms of depreciated currency were receivable, and most of them were sold, the remainder being taken by Bingham, who, after the distribution, bought up the greater part of the ticket-holders' titles. Bingham died in 1803, and at one time the Bingham heirs possessed the enormous amount of 2,350,000 acres in Maine, probably the largest estate which ever existed in the Eastern States. Bingham owned large tracts before the lottery, and in 1784 a town was named in his honor. Wealth spread over so large a territory as this might well excite the imagination even of men of wider knowledge and higher ideals than would naturally be found among a population of farmers and fishermen. Moreover, it was probably as a landowner, and not merely as a rich man, that Bingham made an impression on the Maine Yankee. The same thing holds good to-day. "In 1860," says our correspondent, "when camping out on the Union River, I heard much talk about the Binghams, but it was because they had lands. The same people never spoke of John Jacob Astor."

—The report of the proceedings of the second Congress of the Scotch-Irish Society of America is published by Robert Clarke & Co. of Cincinnati. The Congress was held last May at Pittsburgh, with much propriety, since in Western Pennsylvania above all other parts of the country the Scotch-Irish blood is predominant. It is asserted that at one time seven-eighths of the business men of that city were Scotch-Irish, and that three-fourths of the entire population are even now of that descent. This is not incredible if we accept the statement that, for several years prior to 1750, about twelve thousand of these people arrived annually in Pennsylvania. The Qua-

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kers and the German immigrants had appropriated the eastern end of the State, and the new element was assigned to the pioneer work of the frontier—work for which they were peculiarly qualified by their experience in Ireland as well as by their natural vigor. From this region they spread toward the West and Southwest, occupying a large part of Ohio, filling the mountainous parts of the Southern States, and descending into the more level portions of Kentucky and Tennessee. In this whole section they have been the leading element, and have obtained corresponding honors in both Church and State. Hitherto devoted to the serious business of life, they now pause to review their acquisitions, and, making due allowance for the glorification customary under such circumstances, we must yet admit that the greatness of their work well deserves commemoration.

—Of the papers read at this Congress, which was as successful as numbers, enthusiasm, and a good deal of eloquence could make it, that by Prof. Perry of Williams College upon the Scotch-Irish in New England is altogether the most valuable. He sketches the history of the three principal colonies, which were established at Worcester, at Londonderry, and in the Kennebec country, with considerable detail and in a very interesting manner. His researches will make the labor of establishing the somewhat neglected genealogies of these people much easier, and it is to work of this kind that the members of the newly formed society will naturally devote themselves. The paper on the Preston family, by Mr. W. E. Robinson of Brooklyn, deserves notice as showing what can be done in this direction. From that upon Gov. Houston of Texas we feel impelled by recent occurrences to quote a few sentences which were uttered by that eminent man in the United States Senate many years ago:

"I care not," he said, "what dreamers, and politicians, and travellers, and writers say to the contrary, I know the Indian character, and I confidently avow that if one-third of the many millions of dollars our Government has appropriated within the last twenty-five years, for the benefit of the Indian population, had been honestly and judiciously applied, there would not have been at this time a single tribe within the limits of our States and Territories but what would have been in the complete enjoyment of all the arts and all the comforts of civilized life. But there is not a tribe but has been outraged and defrauded; and nearly all the wars we have prosecuted against the Indians have grown out of the bold fraud and the cruel injustice played off upon them by our Indian agents and their accomplices."

—Count Lyeff N. Tolstoi's country-place, Yasnaya Polyana, is situated in the district of Krapivna, Government of Tule. The chief place—the county town—is Krapivna, containing 2,730 inhabitants. On the 10th of last December, as we learn from a St. Petersburg journal, a local murder trial was to come before the session of the court held there, and the rumor spread abroad that Count Tolstoi was to appear in the character of defender of the accused. As the Count's attitude towards all courts of justice was well known—he denies their authority and pays heavy fines rather than serve as juror—there was great popular curiosity to see him on this occasion, when he was, apparently, acting against his publicly announced principles. As the Count and his daughters partly confirmed the rumor by arriving a couple of days before the trial, the court-room was packed to the very last nook on the window-sills, the Count and his daughters occupying seats in the second row. But the Count did not plead. He confined his breach of his own principles to providing an advocate for the murderers and to a diligent taking of notes during the proceedings. The case on trial was as follows: A peasant youth, aged seventeen years, remarkably strong, and consequently envied and disliked by the other lads of the village, had been invited by four of his comrades to take a walk, after a village dance last May. The next morning his body was found in a pond, showing wounds made by stones on the head and body. A noose round his neck showed that he had also been strangled, and a stone of sixty pounds weight had been tied to his body with ropes.

—The murderers confessed their crime, but maintained that it had not been committed with premeditation. This being the case, the public prosecutor confined his brief speech to the argument that the evidence of premeditation was furnished by the ropes, as people are not in the habit of walking about with ropes in their pockets. The advocate provided by Count Tolstoi made an eloquent and highly sophistical argument, warmly urging acquittal for all four. The jury, however, pronounced three of them guilty. The fourth, a special friend of the victim, had taken no active part in the murder, and he was acquitted. One of the guilty was sentenced, as a minor, to two and a half years' imprisonment. The other two are to be sent to one of the less distant tracts of Siberia. The motive for the murder seemed to be downright animal brutality, without special provocation. This case is rendered doubly interesting by the circumstance that Count Tolstoi has maintained in private conversation that, while a Russian peasant may commit murder or other crimes on the impulse of the moment, he never does so with premeditation, contrary to his own showing in his disagreeable drama, "The Power of Darkness." The inference is that he may now have become convinced that a sentiment of brotherhood exists between the criminal of all nations, and may be induced to revise his opinions.

SMITH'S NEW DICTIONARY OF CLASSICAL ANTIQUITIES.

A Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities. Edited by William Smith, LL.D. Third edition, revised and enlarged. In two volumes. Vol. I. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; London: John Murray. 1890.

THE editor of this book has been vouchsafed a happiness which it is not given to many scholars to enjoy. The first edition of the 'Dictionary of Antiquities' appeared in 1842; it was revised and enlarged in 1848, and now, after almost fifty years from its first appearance, Dr. Smith is permitted to reissue it in a shape which promises as long a life in the future as it has had in the past. In the vastness of its scope this dictionary has always stood alone in the English language, and even in a foreign tongue there has been in the present century no work, except Lübke's 'Reallexicon,' which, in a single volume, has covered the field of antiquities at once so widely and so sufficiently. Other books have treated special branches with greater particularity. In this the whole subject of antiquities is contained, private, political, legal, artistic, architectural, numismatic, religious, military, theatrical. Of course, the scholar will never be content with the mere statements of results, which, however fully recorded, are all that can be expected in a book of this general nature; he will always want to know the steps by which these results were obtained; for every doctrine set forth, he will not rest satisfied until he has seen the grounds on which it is founded. By him, the fuller and more particular handbooks, the monographs and studies upon which, indeed, the dictionary is based, will need to be consulted. Even he, however, will always begin his researches with some such work as this dictionary, and if he be English or American, this will be the book which he will use. But to the less advanced though earnest student, to the seeker for education in general, Dr. Smith has been and will be the best and almost the only guide through this great field.

It seems scarcely necessary to remark, in these columns, upon the great advance that has been made in the study of antiquities during the past forty years. Both in archæology and in literary subjects the activity has been most vigorous. Of inscriptions alone, the discovery and publication of a wealth of material has quite revolutionized several departments of knowledge. The systematic excavation and re-excavation of ancient sites, while throwing light upon all the different branches of architecture, have yielded many treasures that illustrate life in classical antiquity. Our ideas of the constitutional and legal history of Greece and Rome have been revised. The comparative method, applied not only to language, but also to culture and religion, has explained much that before seemed dark and arbitrary. As a result of all this, and with the ever-increasing special treatises and monographs, the books upon which scholars of fifty years ago used to pin their faith have become obsolete or been rewritten.

There has, therefore, been no lack of material for use in the revision of Dr. Smith's Dictionary, and, so far as we have observed, this material has generally been carefully and faithfully employed. In fact, this edition may be regarded to a great extent as a new work, and readers will not be surprised to hear that in size it far exceeds the earlier one. The present first volume contains 1,293 pages; there were but 1,053 in the former book, complete in one volume. It is true that in the first four letters of the alphabet the editor has been able to use the *Thesaurus* of Daremberg and Saglio (which, begun in 1877, has only reached the letter D); but there appears to be a corresponding growth further on. Thus, E now covers 123 pages, to 76 in the old edition; F, 77 to 48. To speak of single subjects in different branches of antiquities, we note that the article on *Domus* covers 32 pages, to 10 in the former work; *Eleusinia*, 10 to 3; *Exercitus*, 46 to 29; *Actio*, 9 to 4; *Fictile*, 14 to 3. In fact, we are told that one-third of the articles have been entirely rewritten, two-thirds greatly altered, about two hundred added, and hardly twenty reprinted as they stood before. There are also many more illustrations, this edition containing upwards of 450 new woodcuts. As in the former work, each article is signed with the initials of its writer, and a complete list of writers is given after the title-page. In the former there were eighteen, in the present list forty-four (besides those members of the old staff who still survive), all Englishmen or persons holding positions in schools or colleges in the United Kingdom.

It must be evident that, in a work of this vast extent, mistakes and imperfections will disclose themselves only gradually, with time and use. No one man lives who could pretend to criticise it at present except in general terms, with such particulars here and there as may meet his eye, or in the subjects in which he has special knowledge. That it should be without flaws were incredible. Dr. Smith himself, who might say with the sage—

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γηράσκω δ' αἰεὶ πολλὰ διδασκόμενος,

would be the very last to set up the claim to perfection. We have stated that on the whole the work of its production has been faithfully performed. At the end of each article are given the sources upon which it is based, and to which scholars will turn for verification and further light. It is perhaps a result of the employment of different writers that the latest editions of standard hand-books are not always referred to. In such cases the doubt naturally arises whether the writer has given us the most approved information. Thus, the first edition of Marquardt is cited on page 4; the old edition of Schoemann on pages 10 and 41; and that of the 'Attische Process' on pages 123, 167, and 243—these all in spite of the fact that in the preface we are told that the old editions have been superseded. It is discouraging to find that the assistant editor, Mr. Wayte, is responsible for all but one of the above mentioned references. But those who are especially interested in legal antiquities need not be too greatly alarmed, for we have observed a number of references to Lipsius's edition of the 'Process,' and, further, the old paging is preserved on the margin of the new edition of that book. The legal articles, formerly written by Mr. George Long, have been either rewritten or improved, and are in general full and excellent. The word ἀπαγωγή, however, finds better treatment under ἔνδειξις than in its own place. The most obvious fault in the whole book is that the cuts are frequently very rude in their execution; the worst we have observed is that of the *danaces*, from which one could not possibly tell what this coin was like. The cuts of coins throughout the book must be a great disappointment to Dr. Percy Gardner, who wrote the *numismatica*. His name, though, is enough to show that no criticism of what is written on that subject is in place here. We may be permitted, without being invidious, to make a few special criticisms before closing our notice of this invaluable book.

Under *Cena* it is said that cases are found of Roman women reclining at table where there was conceived to be nothing bold or indelicate in their posture. But the very act of such reclining was to the Roman a most indelicate thing in a woman, and no instance of a respectable woman doing it will be found before the time of the Empire. Further, the cut produced in support of the statement is one of those funeral reliefs from which nothing can surely be determined about the actual practices of domestic life. The very nature of the scene forbids us to think that it could ever have been realized in the "good old times." Under *Chorus* there is not a hint that the writer of the article ever heard of the theory (many will now call it a doctrine) that there was no raised stage in the Greek theatre. He assumes that there was a stage, and says that the chorus "appear to have mounted it occasionally (*cf.* Soph. *O. C.* 856; Ar. *Av.* 353-400; Eur. *Helen.* 1627-40), if we are not merely to suppose that the chorus stood sufficiently close to the actors to be able to touch them." Now in not one of the passages cited is there any change of level expressed in the words of the play, and it is only by assuming that there was a stage to mount that obliges one to think that there was any mounting done at all. But more remarkable still is the notion that, if there was a stage, the actors upon it could be touched by the chorus in the orchestra, when Vitruvius, upon whom the whole theory of the Greek "stage" chiefly rests, says that it was from ten to twelve feet high! It is to be hoped that this matter will be less cavalierly dismissed under *Theatrum* in the second volume. Under *Domus* we find the old myth about the Greek house in Delos. There is no such house. Guhl and Koner, to whom reference is made in support of the statement, do indeed give a ground plan which they say is that of a house in Delos, and in their turn refer to the 'Antiquities of Ionia.' There the patient investigator will discover that the building was in Cnidos and was probably not a dwelling-house at all. Another favorite old myth crops up in the statement (on p. 687) that chimneys have been found in the ruins of ancient buildings. Where, except in baths and bakeries? We do not believe that any chimney has yet been discovered in an ancient dwelling-house, and the great mass of literary evidence is against the supposition that there were such conveniences. Nobody who knows the conservatism of the Romans will be willing to think that the existence of chimneys here and there in public buildings is sufficient evidence to prove that they were used in private houses. Under *Collegium* the *collegia opificum* are hardly mentioned, and the element of religion in all *collegia* is not brought out, nor the fact that many were little more than burial and benefit societies. Nor is it shown that the great body of *collegia* were an imitation of the important official ones, originally confined to the nobles, and that honor to the dead was frequently the object of these institutions. To conclude these observations, the article on the Eleusinian Mysteries, in the main satisfactory, might have been improved by consultation of Nebe's essay, to which no reference is made. The temple at Eleusis is too briefly described, and a plan should have been given of this structure, which was in some particulars unique. But this, perhaps, may be expected under *Templum*, for the first volume ends with *Juvenalia*.

AN EARLY AMERICAN ARTIST.

A Sketch of Chester Harding, Artist, Drawn by his own Hand. Edited by his Daughter, Margaret E. White. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1890.

CHESTER HARDING'S "Egotistography" has been long on the list of books "printed but not published." It is now, with some additions, given to the world by his daughter, and a very entertaining book it proves to be. Mr. Harding began his career at a period when art was at its lowest ebb in this country and life was at its narrowest, when the few good painters of the Revolutionary epoch were passing away, and there were few signs of a native art springing up in the place they had left vacant; and this sketch of his life affords us many a curious side-glance at the conditions of the time. He tells his story in a simple style, with a shrewdness, naïveté, and quiet humor that remind one of Franklin, though the humor would seem to be sometimes more unconscious than that of the great autobiographer.

He was born in Conway, Mass., in 1792, of a poor family who seem to have been a singular combination of shiftlessness with Yankee ingenuity, able to turn their hands to anything, yet always in debt, and always moving from place to place and trying new trades. His father "had a great inventive genius, and turned all his powers towards the discovery of perpetual motion." In this nomadic family was young Harding brought up, and it is not astonishing that he got barely enough schooling to enable him "to read the Bible." He inherited the family character, and in a few years was wood-cutter, chair-maker, soldier, drum-maker, peddler, tavern-keeper, house-painter, and, finally, sign-painter, and had lived in almost as many different places as he had trades. It is in this part of his story that one suspects some of his humor of being unconscious. When he gravely tells how he was swindled by a gambler who made him think, as usual, that he himself was doing the swindling; how he married and brought home a wife, and "had hardly reached it before he was sued for a small debt which he could not meet"; and how he left home at night to avoid his creditors, one wonders if he quite realizes the force of it all. It is only fair to say that the debts were afterwards paid in full. His military experience (in the war of 1812), from his own account, seems to have been confined to chicken-stealing and dysentery.

About 1819 or 1820 for dates are not plentiful in the book, while he was living as a sign-painter in Pittsburgh, he fell in with a "sign, ornamental, and portrait-painter" by the name of Nelson, whose productions seem to have been absolutely the first paintings he had ever seen. They filled him with admiration and delight, and he thought them "wonders of art." He determined to try if he could do the same thing, and, without any instruction whatever (for Nelson would not let him see him paint, or give him any hint as to how the thing was done), he set about it.

"I got a board, and, with such colors as I had for use in my trade, I began a portrait of my wife. I made a thing that looked like her. The moment I saw the likeness I became frantic with delight; it was like the discovery of a new sense; I could think of nothing else. From that time sign painting became odious and was much neglected."

He next painted a portrait of a journeyman baker for five dollars, and portraits of his landlord and landlady for twelve dollars each "on account." Thus began his professional career. In a short time he was "starring" the West, doing a profitable business in painting portraits, first at twenty-five and later at forty dollars a "head."

He must have had a strong natural ability for seizing a likeness: two months in the Academy at Philadelphia seems to have been all the regular study he had prior to his great success in Boston, yet his portraits seem to have given satisfaction. Some years later he was described in *Blackwood's Magazine* (August, 1824) as "ignorant of drawing." "Hence it is," continues his critic, "that his heads and bodies appear to be the work of two different persons, a master and a bungler." A good instance of this is the portrait of his wife, painted in 1821, which faces page 38, where the shoulders are all out of drawing and have nothing to do with the head. To the end he speaks of "painting heads" as his profession. He must have worked with astonishing rapidity. In one place in the book there is a record of his having painted fifteen portraits in three weeks, while he often gives the dates of beginning and finishing a portrait within two or three days of each other.

Of the early days there are one or two good stories, like that of his borrowing a dollar for the marketing, but being tempted too strongly and spending it to see his first play. "I do not remember," he says, "how we fared the next day in our marketing, *but I presume I borrowed another dollar in the morning.*" About this time also he read, or rather his wife read to him, his first novel, 'The Children of the Abbey.' He objected strongly at first, having been brought up to think "that cards and novels were the chief instruments of the devil in seducing mortals from the paths of virtue," but soon became so interested that he "kept her reading all night, and gave her no

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rest until the novel was finished." "The first novel I ever read myself," he goes on, "was 'Rob Roy.' I could only read it understandingly by reading it aloud, and to this day I often find myself whispering the words in the daily newspaper." His disapproval of novels seems, however, to have been almost as persistent as his habit of reading aloud, for, as late as 1838, we find him writing to one of his children, "Novels only weaken the mind and give a distaste for useful reading."

After a year or two of portrait-painting in the West, he had laid by more than a thousand dollars and bought a carriage and horses, and with these he returned to his family, in western New York, in glory, and paid off the debts he had left behind him at the time of his moonlight flitting. He was "the wonder of the whole neighborhood," but the doubt with which the career of an artist was then looked upon is capitally shown by his account of an interview with his grandfather, who said gravely: "Chester, I want to speak to you about your present mode of life. I think it is very little better than swindling to charge $40 for one of those effigies. Now, I want you to give up this course of living and settle down on a farm and become *a respectable man.*"

He had now intended to go to Europe, but gave it up, temporarily, out of consideration for his wife and children, and instead, after short stays in other cities, went to Boston, where he met with great success, and "for six months rode triumphantly on the top wave of fortune." Boston was then, apparently, as much liable to "fads" as it is now, and what Gilbert Stuart called the "Harding fever" raged hotly. This self-made painter was the curiosity of the day, and had more work than he could do, while Stuart "was idle half the winter." To do Mr. Harding justice, he fully understood the nature of his success, and did not for a moment consider himself Stuart's equal—indeed, he afterwards called himself his pupil. He writes in his journal on the 27th of June, 1824: "There was something novel, perhaps, in my history that contributed more to my unheard-of success than any merit I possessed as a painter. The fact of a man's coming from the backwoods of America, entirely uneducated, to paint even a tolerable portrait, was enough to excite some little interest." The same reasons brought him much the same success in England, where he went in 1823, and where he was soon engaged upon portraits of royal dukes and other great men.

From this on, the book becomes less interesting. It relates the career of the ordinary successful portrait-painter, and loses the piquancy of the earlier chapters. There is, however, a naïf simplicity in the comments of his journal on a life so new to him as that of the English aristocracy and country-gentry; and his criticisms on the works of art which he now saw for the first time, are sometimes amusing. It is, for instance, difficult to conceive, at this day, that any one can ever have found West's "Death on the Pale Horse" "awfully sublime"!

After three years in Europe, Harding returned to America and resumed his tours among the various cities of the Union. He was again in England in 1846. He painted nearly all the celebrities of his day, and the volume gives many interesting glimpses of Randolph, Webster, Calhoun, and other contemporary statesmen. One of the most interesting is of Chief-Justice Marshall playing at quoits, and "down on his knees, measuring the contested distance with a straw with as much earnestness as if it had been a point of law." Harding's prices seem very modest when compared with modern standards. At the time of his first great success in Boston he charged fifty dollars for a head, and after his return from London his price had only advanced to one hundred. The last portrait he painted was one of Gen. W. T. Sherman. He died on April 1, 1866.

We have little by which to judge of Mr. Harding's standing as an artist. He seems to have been an indefatigable worker and to have made steady improvement in his art. His portraits are widely scattered, and few of them seem to be accessible to New Yorkers. Judging from the few photogravures in the book, he appears to have attained to respectability, but nothing more. As a man, he must be thought to have been every way admirable and much beloved, and he so far overcame his early lack of education as to mingle, on terms of equality, with the greatest men of his time, and to make on them all the impression that he was, emphatically, a gentleman. His "Egotistography" will, we believe, always remain a work of great interest. The lack of an index is to be regretted.

RECENT PHILOSOPHY.

Introduction to Philosophy: An Inquiry after a Rational System of Scientific Principles in their Relation to Ultimate Reality. By George Trumbull Ladd, Professor of Philosophy in Yale University. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1890. 8vo, pp. 426.

Essays in Philosophy. By William Knight, Professor of Moral Philosophy and Political Economy in the University of St. Andrews. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Company. 1890. 12mo, pp. 367.

Le Libre Arbitre: Étude Philosophique. Par Ernest Naville. Paris: Fischbacher. 1890. Pp. 338.

Professor Ladd shows most distinctly that it is the philosophy and example of Lotze which have moved him to mediate between science and theology. The method perhaps suits the transitional stage of thought in this country, but it can hardly serve any other purpose than to render more easy and gradual the passage to the scientific point of view; for we cannot forget that Lotze was, after all, in entire sympathy with the methods of science, and made his concessions to idealistic thought in a way that lends no clear or adequate support to popular theology, and only lingers where the last struggles are going on between the old and new phases of belief because his system was an attempt at peace-making when the claims of science could no longer be contested in the spirit of the last century. The significance of this fact requires no remarks. But it may be interesting to observe that the reason for the diminishing importance of pure metaphysics is an incident or a view in the system of Lotze which Prof. Ladd does not take into account at all, or slurs over.

He continues, therefore, to inculcate the consequences contingent upon theories of philosophy. It is true that changes in fundamental views of philosophy do affect theology and ethics, and such an influence might be deplored or prevented if philosophy were dependent upon them for its jurisdiction; but after submitting the settlement of all claims to the authority of philosophy, it is absurd to complain if the decision sets aside demands of dependencies. Theology must be either the master or servant of philosophy, if the relation of dependence between them is to be assumed at all. Besides, Prof. Ladd forgets that in making everything contingent upon the issue in philosophy, the student must suspend judgment until the primary question is settled. The "ultimate reality" for which he contends, even after it is obtained, does not close the dispute, as the very postulates of ethics and theology, in his own view of the case, are not satisfied by it.

The chapter on the relation between psychology and philosophy indicates most unmistakably the tendency of the day to distinguish very sharply between the science and the metaphysics of psychology. Every one knows what psychology has been in the past, and how rich and fruitful it has become in recent years under the inspiration and direction of strictly scientific methods. We are coming to see clearly, and Prof. Ladd admits the legitimacy of the distinction, that it is one thing to determine the relations of resemblance and dependence in mental phenomena, and quite another to determine the nature of the being, subject, cause, or ground of which they are phenomena. The consequences of this distinction have already been very great in removing all metaphysics from psychological problems, but Prof. Ladd appears entirely unconscious of the manner and extent to which this fact cuts up by the roots the "practical" importance so long claimed for psychology, as a system of real or semi-metaphysics. As to the stake which religion and theology have in the matter, we are not so sure that they have anything to do with theories of metaphysics. They are usually held most tenaciously by those who either do not know anything about philosophy, or despise it; and as soon as they are submitted to reason, allegiance begins to relax. It would seem, then, the safest thing to let philosophy alone, unless we are willing to abide by its judgment. The cultivation of the scientific spirit in psychology enables us to do this very thing, and all the world is leaving speculative questions to the few who have an interest in them for purposes not immediately connected with practical life.

We have no desire to be unjust to Prof. Ladd, and in fairness to him it should be said that his volume has great merits. It shows deep reflection, and in the chapter on "Philosophy of Religion," the longest in the book, there is much candid warning given to the religious mind about hostility to science. He boldly tells us that religion has to appear before the bar of reason and be tried there before dogmatizing about her high claims, and that "a revelation which should contradict the truths implicated in all knowledge is unthinkable." That is to say, wherever a conflict arises between philosophy and religion, the concession must be made by the latter. Hence the contradiction is clear when he quotes to condemn the scholastic maxim, "Philosophia est ancilla theologiæ," and on the next page remarks that "a true philosophy can never contravene or mar the true religion"—a statement which might be a truism if the two subjects had no more relation to each other than geology and geography. He also speaks of "the mysteries of faith" as if he had never heard of the illusions caused by confusing it with intellectual assent to propositions, and in some cases with a certitude of conviction not given by reason.

The characteristic merits and faults of the work are best seen in the chapter on the "Theory of Knowledge." We can notice only the method of treatment. This is much more adapted to those who already understand the problem than to those who are to be introduced to it. It presumes here, as almost everywhere, that the student understands Kant and German idealism, an achievement which, it

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seems, most men have not yet accomplished after having gone far beyond the need of an "introduction." We have a right to expect from such a work that it should treat the subject in a way to explain the nature of the problem by the plainest analysis of its terms and conceptions, with such history of its bearings as would create an interest in pursuing its implications to the end. But there is only the most general outline. In other words, we have more of Prof. Ladd's conclusions than elementary exposition, which is not what such a volume should give if it is meant for the student, as the preface declares. Those conclusions also, unfortunately, are so abstruse that none can fully appreciate them until he has completed his studies, and his prize then would be largely the staple formulas of logic and metaphysics.

Prof. Knight's collection of essays is excellent. It is all that Prof. Ladd's volume is not. The essays are clear, exhibit good literary style, possess interest, and above all show a cultivation of social, æsthetic, and intellectual taste. The reader is made to see from the beginning to the end that his conceptions in the field of higher problems are capable of expression in concrete questions of art, society, and politics. Although the mental power desirable in the treatment of any subject is lacking, you are pleased with the free-and-easy discussion and often a human sympathy that one seeks in vain in the charnel-houses of scholastic thought. It is some index of the author's taste and tendencies that he dedicates his volume to James Russell Lowell, and the reader will not mistake the nature of the inspiration that gives rise to the life and interest of the essays. The first essay is the best illustration of this. It is entitled "Idealism and Experience." The latter term is perhaps ill-chosen, as it does not exactly express what the author intends by it, and yet it would be difficult to select any other that would be better qualified for the purpose. "Experience" suggests a theory of the origin of knowledge, and not a comprehensive philosophy, as the first of the two terms indicates. Prof. Knight means that they shall contrast with each other as "idealism" and "realism" in literature and art are contrasted. Hence he is not here employed about any deep metaphysical problems in which these terms figure very largely. The author proposes an humbler and more interesting task, which is to show us the reflex influence of certain comprehensive mental attitudes upon art, literature, life, and social institutions. Without discussing any technical questions as to the position of particular men or schools, a general knowledge of their main spirit is assumed, as polite literature has understood them, and the influence of this main idea traced where neither its origin nor its nature is suspected by the casual observer. This result of "idealism" and "empiricism" in philosophy is often beautifully illustrated by the author from both Greek and modern history. Plato is the type of "idealism," and Aristotle of "realism" or "empiricism" in Greek thought, Descartes of "idealism" and Locke of "empiricism" in modern times. A most interesting generalization is drawn from the invariable tendency to a free, lofty, and imaginative literature wherever "idealism" in philosophy prevails, and a purely calculating and utilitarian spirit wherever "realism" is the dominant influence.

The second essay, on the classification of the sciences, has less literary merit, as might be expected. In regard to that problem the author might have observed that several forms of classification are possible and legitimate according to the principle adopted. He does remark that it is more important to determine the principle of classification than the classification itself; but he should have seen that little or nothing is left to do after fixing the principle, as the sciences will fall into place of themselves, and that the difficulty lies in showing that there is only one principle upon which the result can be effected.

The essay on "Ethical Philosophy and Evolution" is the most interesting in the series. It does not always make so clear as could be wished either the distinction between the origin and the validity of moral ideas, or the limited importance attaching to questions like necessitarianism and its opposite. Prof. Knight seems to imply that determinism is a necessary corollary of evolution, an opinion with which we can hardly agree. This whole controversy needs recasting and an analysis which the author has not given and which he could not give in the limited space at his command. In regard to evolution he evidently feels the immense changes it is destined to achieve in morals, but we think he has mistaken the reason, which he rather implies than formulates. He does what he can to explain the true meaning and limitations of the doctrine, but he does not remark that it derives all its destructive power in ethics from the theological theory which it is supplanting. It was theology that risked everything on the issue of its origin.

Most readers will hurry to the essay on "Immortality." On this subject Prof. Knight is candid. He does not think immortality so assured or so defensible philosophically as it may be desirable to mankind. It is on this sensitive subject that the profoundest feelings of men are racked, and it requires much courage on the part of philosophy to speak out its mind, and much indifference to human suffering to offend the hopes by which man endeavors to reconcile himself to the inequalities of life. Prof. Knight is sympathetic with men's beliefs about the doctrine, but admits that the problem is beset with difficulties, and sums up his own feelings about it by saying that the true mental attitude is one of "tranquil hope and expectancy, tempered by cheerful acquiescence."

The longest essay in the volume is on "Personality and the Infinite." This is a crucial question for theology under monistic tendencies in philosophy. Prof. Knight deals here mostly in criticism of Matthew Arnold and David Strauss, although less for the purpose of defending any special theory than to indicate the inconsistencies of the former and the radicalism of the latter. There is a very good essay on "Eclecticism" and a very suggestive one on "Metempsychosis."

Naville's volume on the freedom of the will is one of several that have recently appeared in France on the same subject, and, like them, is a defence of that doctrine against the prevailing tendency to materialism. It is calm and philosophic; but we think both schools of thought exaggerate the importance of settling the question, and that for two reasons. First, if free will be proved, responsibility does not necessarily follow from it. Second, the proof of necessitarianism theoretically would not be followed by any material alteration in our method of rewarding men for their virtues and punishing them for their crimes. We might be a little more humanitarian in our treatment of criminals. This volume of Naville's has some new material and arguments drawn from the phenomena of hypnotism, but the problem of freedom is not analyzed as it must be before any solution of it is possible; hence the author betrays no consciousness of the limitations which can be imposed upon the usefulness of the doctrine of freedom.

RECENT MUSICAL LITERATURE.

Cherubini. By F. J. Crowest. Scribner & Welford.

Beethoven. By H. A. Rudall. Scribner & Welford.

Wagner's Life and Works. By Gustav Kobbé. G. Schirmer.

Music and Culture. By Karl Merz. Philadelphia: T. Presser.

THE excellent series of short biographies of famous composers included in the "Great Musicians" series, and formerly edited by Dr. F. Hueffer, has been increased by a 'Cherubini' and a 'Beethoven,' which bring the number up to twelve. The best of them is still the first, the editor's 'Wagner,' which is now in the third edition. By the death of Dr. Hueffer, England lost her ablest musical critic, whose last work was a meritorious translation of the Wagner-Liszt correspondence; and it was a sad coincidence that about the same time Italy lost her leading musical critic and champion of Wagner, Filippo Filippi. In fact, that Hueffer is no longer the editor of the "Great Musicians" series is painfully evident in the 'Cherubini,' by Mr. Crowest, a prolific compiler of ill-digested musical books. In the preface we suddenly come across this extraordinary sentence: "As a composer Cherubini does not rank with Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, or *the last of the Titans* of music—Mendelssohn." Now, if Dr. Hueffer had been alive, he would have said: "My dear Mr. Crowest, we really cannot allow such a remark to go to the printers in the year of grace 1890. Remember that even if England is still far from being a musical nation, English criticism has lately risen to a much higher and more enlightened level, and no longer subscribes to the insular notion that Handel and Mendelssohn are the two greatest of all composers, which has made England the laughing-stock of the musical world, and which I have tried so hard, in the columns of the *Times*, to eradicate." Very probably Dr. Hueffer would have refused altogether to have his name used as editor of such a clumsy, incoherent example of book-making as this 'Cherubini,' the author of which was evidently writing against space to make up the necessary hundred pages; for after describing Cherubini's career and activity in the opera, concert-hall, and church, he goes over the whole ground again in other words. The last chapter is devoted to stale anecdotes. There are, however, plenty of interesting points in this composer's life to enable a man, of literary ability to write a readable little book; but he would be expected to take more pains to ascertain facts than does Mr. Crowest, who tells us on page 75 that to this day "Medea" is often performed in Vienna, "to the delight of the thoroughly musical public of that city," when, as a matter of fact, the last attempt to revive this work there was made about ten years ago. It was then so coldly received that only one performance was given, although Materna was in the cast.

A much better work is Mr. Rudall's 'Beethoven,' although it is simply a compilation and does not offer any new facts or critical points of view. Beethoven's studies under Haydn, his love affairs, his fondness for the country, his eccentric manners and domestic troubles, the progress and effect of his deafness, his operatic projects, the transient Rossini fever in Vienna, his way of conducting,

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and all the other leading topics are briefly and clearly discussed, so that this little book may be commended to those who wish a bird's-eye view of Beethoven's life and activity and have not time for Thayer's three volumes or Mr. Grove's long and admirable article on Beethoven in his 'Dictionary of Music and Musicians.' Some æsthetic points are neatly touched upon, as on p. 131, where reference is made to "that class of critics with whom the word 'romanticism' was a term of reproach, and who forgot, like many of their successors, that the 'romanticism' of one generation is often the 'classicism' of the next."

Mr. Kobbé's 'Wagner' is not entirely a novelty, as the second volume has been in the market for several years and has passed through five editions. It contains critical and descriptive analyses of the Nibelung Trilogy, "Tristan," "Die Meistersinger," and "Parsifal," after the manner of Hans von Wolzogen's "Thematischer Leitfaden"; the leading motives in each drama being named and illustrated in musical type, so that opera-goers can memorize them and thus be enabled the more easily to follow the complicated thematic woof of Wagner's orchestral scores, and understand the subtle psychologic and dramatic relations between these typical themes. The first volume, which is new in book form, contains a biography in ninety-four pages of Wagner, based chiefly on the composer's letters to Liszt and others, and his own autobiographic sketch, the interesting points being singled out with the acuteness of an experienced journalist who knows what the general public likes to read about. Then follows an entertaining account of the "Parsifal" festival at Bayreuth in 1882, together with a reprint of an article which appeared in *Scribner's* describing the mechanism of the scenic effects in Wagner's music-dramas, with illustrations. Wagner's writings and his critics also have chapters devoted to them, and the last thirty-eight pages are occupied with a brief description of the early operas down to "Lohengrin." Although Mr. Kobbé is an enthusiastic admirer of Wagner, he is not blind to the humorous aspect of some phases of the more than thirty years' Wagner war, and his first volume will be found as entertaining as the second is useful.

'Music and Culture' is a volume of essays by the late Karl Merz, collected by his son. It includes papers on purely musical topics, such as Expression, Church Music, Hints to Pupils, Harmony, Woman in Music, Value of a Musical Education, and others of a more general æsthetic cast—on Genius, Schopenhauer's Musical Philosophy, Music of Nature, Imagination, etc. The preface tells us that Karl Merz was "far too profound not to have fully outgrown such mental perversions as religious skepticism." No doubt he was profoundly religious, and some of his essays read very much like sermons; but of profundity as a musical thinker it would not be fair to accuse him. The tone of his writings is often sophomoric and always didactic, but they lack definiteness and that epigrammatic terseness which makes a maxim in one or two lines express more than a ten-page essay. Mr. Merz was an industrious Western teacher and editor who had to adapt his mental pabulum to the comprehension of a community in a somewhat primitive stage of æsthetic development. This makes his writings seem naïve to cultivated amateurs; but to the general musico-literary appetite they afford excellent nourishment, and Mr. Merz's influence can never be otherwise than wholesome. The only error of fact we have noted is on page 165, where he states that "Schumann loved once only."

TWO SPANISH NOVELS.

Una Cristiana. Por Emilia Pardo Bazán. Madrid: La España Editorial. 1890.

La Prueba: Segunda Parte de Una Cristiana. Por Emilia Pardo Bazán. Same Publishers. 1890.

THE plodding mind of the reviewer is sometimes set wondering at the amazing fecundity, combined with such good quality, of contemporary Spanish novelists, and catches at any explanation of it not too full of self-mortification. Accordingly it is with a comfortable sense of relief that he lays down these latest volumes of Señora Bazán, saying to himself that they are but her serious essays on the education and ideals of Spanish women turned into novels. It is true that this crumb of comfort soon wastes away almost to the vanishing point, as one considers the difficulties of this kind of literary transmutation, and recalls the essays that simply would not turn into novels, desperately as their authors tried to make them. The slow-going intellect is not long in discovering, either, that it has in these books a picture of many more aspects of life than can be squeezed into an essay, and that if the two have any relation, it is the latter that is partial and derivative. So about all that is left of the first feeling of consolation for a consciousness of inferiority is the fact that the books undoubtedly were written to exemplify actual types of Spanish women.

The story is one of much originality. Salustio, a student in the School of Engineering, has his expenses paid by a middle-aged bachelor uncle, for whom he nevertheless has a pronounced dislike. Uncle Felipe one day announces his approaching marriage with a young woman of their province, and the nephew is duly invited to the wedding, spending some days before the actual ceremony at the house of the bride's father, after the manner of rural hospitality. He finds his future aunt to be a girl whose delicacy of nature and pervading charm make it hard for him to understand how she could bring herself to marry his uncle, who is a coarse piece of clay. The mystery deepens as he comes to know her better, and finally he learns the secret by means of a discreditable bit of eavesdropping. This quiet and gracious girl is acting from a high and stern sense of duty. She cannot stay longer in her father's house without acquiescing in a wicked and scandalous course of life on his part; she has no friend to go to, and determines to marry the first man that offers himself, so as to clear herself from all complicity with her father's sin.

The marriage over, uncle and aunt set up their establishment in Madrid, and the student-nephew makes his home with them. Carmen soon finds that she had not counted the cost of living as a wife with a man whom she did not love and could not honor. More than that, she finds in the nephew one whom she might have loved, one who makes it clear to her that he loves her. Her course is a troubled one, but over it all she sails by the pole-star of duty. She is a model of wifely behavior. She shines before Salustio with such purity of thought and deed, even though she has not been able to conceal from him that she has to fight against her rebellious affection for him, that his passion is kept in check, her honor is sacred to him, and he reveres as much as he loves this "Christian."

"The Trial" comes on apace. Felipe is a man wholly absorbed in grossness of one kind and another, yet Carmen feels it her duty to love him, and struggles pitiably to do that impossible thing. She comes to believe that she shall have no safeguard against the standing temptation of Salustio's presence, unless she can drive herself into loving her husband. All is in vain, however, until at last Felipe begins to lose his health, and finally it appears that he is smitten with leprosy. Then the saintly woman of the Middle Ages comes to the surface in Carmen. She is like another Santa Teresa. She is prodigal and passionate in her devotion to the victim of the loathsome disease. She is carried out of herself. Salustio perceives with horror that his hold on her is loosening, that she withstands his bolder assaults with serenity, and that she really has something very like love—she declares that it is love—for the sickening and helpless mass, her husband. The query remains whether it all could have been anything more than the fevered altruism which used to lead devout Spanish women to bestow loving epithets and actual caresses upon the most repulsive inmates of lazarettos. Anyhow, the strain is not kept up too long, for Felipe dies, and the reader is left to infer that, after a proper period of mourning, Carmen will marry a man whom she can love without putting so much religious ecstasy into the affair.

She is the central character of the story—a sort of survival of an ancient Spanish type of woman. In modern days, Señora Bazán gives us to understand, the original devoutness has degenerated into the bigoted superstition of Salustio's mother, whose idea of God, as her son told her, was that "He had nothing to do but to run about with a cudgel beating her enemies"; and the old sense of duty has to do service only in matters of dress and etiquette, as in the case of the Barrientos young ladies. These last are the representatives of "the insipid class, nervous yet flabby, whose uselessness and intolerable silliness are the combined fruit of a stupefying way of life, defective education, narrow views, and frivolity." Upon them the novelist pours out all her indignant scorn, almost typical of the present generation of Spanish girls though she admits them to be, and overrun with lovers. "Out of their four little heads all together," she makes one of her really intelligent and progressive young men say—"out of them all you could not get enough to make a brain fry." And he adds, "It's enough to give one the shivers to think that future wives and mothers are being brought up like that; that those dolls stuffed with sawdust, all but their heads, which are empty, will be in due time the basis of a home, companions of intelligent men who may have gone through bitter struggles in life, and have come out with trained minds and developed ideas! Why, the fact is, young fellow, that a man who had as much as half his wits, and who was tied to one of them, would be giving her poison in two months' time!"

We have given but hints of the range and art of Señora Bazán's latest production. Her many-sided genius cannot but win new admiration in these pictures of life in the capital and in the provinces, these sympathetic descriptions of the lives of students enmeshed in the red tape and defective methods of Spanish education, these lively accounts of small politics and smaller journalism in Spain. One of the most delicious bits is the chapter given to the family of an English Protestant missionary. Without a suspicion of caricature, with photographic realism, in fact, the goodness, the fanaticism, the blundering, the fatal lack of appreciation of the Spanish nature, and the utter hopelessness of the task of those worthy Britons, are set forth in the most illuminating and convincing manner. That chapter ought to appear in all the missionary journals; but,

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alas! they will give place only to the letters of the good missionary himself, describing the impending conversion of all Spain to the faith he preaches.

Studies in Jocular Literature: A Popular Subject more Closely Considered. By W. Carew Hazlitt. [The Book-Lover's Library.] New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son. 1890.

MR. HAZLITT discourses pleasantly in this volume upon the history of jocular stories, and rambles over the whole literary ground, from the Greek Anthology and the anecdote-collectors of the later Greeks to the early Tudor jest-books and the witticisms of Sydney Smith and Lamb. It is not a collection of good things, however, that he gives us; in fact, the reader is more often tantalized by a reference to a story than delighted by its quotation; what is cited is merely in the way of illustration, to show the course of development, to characterize the school, or to point some opinion of the author. It appears that wit is a thing in which the race has distinctly made progress, though slowly and with labor. Particularly in the last few centuries, the author thinks, there has been an intellectual gain; but he is obliged to own that many jokes still current are of remote antiquity. Of this survival of isolated bright sayings or comical incidents he gives sufficient examples, but most of the wit of the ancients is dead to us, though it is in print still. The illustrations of the acclimatization of stories are excellent, and there are interesting examples of variation in the telling even in the case of one so near us as Lamb. The literary form is said to be seldom the same as the viva-voce original, and in the department of pointed wit the author favors the view that it is not spontaneous, but calculated, and cites Chesterfield as an instance. The field is rather too large to be dealt with in so few pages, and at best the volume serves rather as a convenient and stimulating introduction to wider reading than as a substitute for it. We notice a suggestion that the 'Hundred Merry Tales' are the work of Sir Thomas More, but the author inclines to credit them to the dramatist Heywood, on the ground that there are resemblances between them and some passages in his 'Interludes'; and it is observed besides that Heywood is reported to have derived something from More. The whole of this is mere guesswork.

We recommend the volume cordially to those who take an interest in this ocurious branch of literature, with the warning that the principal impression made on us, and apparently on the author, is the smallness of the sum of living wit in these old books.

The Narrative of Capt. Coignet (Soldier of the Empire). 1776–1850. Translated by Mrs. M. Carey. T. Y. Crowell & Co.

DOCUMENTS adding to the Napoleonic epopee must not be looked for in these annals of a soldier's career. The brave Captain Coignet was no crafty maker of posthumous memoirs. Education came to him late in life and in moderate amount. Had he known how to read and write when he joined the grand army, there is no doubt his courage and sense of duty would soon have raised him from the ranks of the anonymous. Instead, it was almost in spite of himself that he conquered the gilt epaulettes, which did not metamorphose their wearer. The Old Guard "grognard" remained unchanged, and it is precisely from the author's personality that the narrative of Capt. Coignet derives its charm. It is but a mere bird's-eye view of his campaigns that he has left us; yet this unsophisticated sketch pleases us more than a pretentious work, because we feel it to be replete with the true atmosphere of the epoch it deals with, and because the author has found the means to show us, more impressively perhaps than the trained historian would do, the causes of the greatness of that epoch. All the details—the references to the Emperor, whose profile appears here and there traced with almost artistic touches; the genial traits showing the brotherhood then existing between officers and soldiers; the careless avoidance of the dark side of war; the good-humored disposal of self—all these notes reveal forcibly the vim and enthusiasm of that generation of men, and the magnetism of the general who led them in his triumphant promenades through Europe. In the ninth and last note-book of Capt. Coignet, the curtain goes down on Waterloo. Here the author's powers of observation seem to have come to a standstill. In view of what has gone before, this is regrettable—so much more might have been chronicled by that devotee of the imperial régime during the days of the Restoration. But Capt. Coignet never pretended to be an observer where he did not play a rôle. So, like many contemporary heroes, he rested on his laurels, satisfied with his eventful career.

The illustrations of this volume, by M. Le Blaut, exemplify fairly the work of that conscientious school of artists who, in the case of historical subjects, may be trusted to produce correct composition and to avoid anachronism. Mrs. Carey's translation preserves very successfully the briskness of the narrator, but a lack of familiarity with French idioms, in frequent instances, tones down the crude *brio* of the original.

English Intercourse with Siam in the Seventeenth Century. By John Anderson, M.D. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co. 1890.

DR. ANDERSON'S interest in the history of English intercourse with Siam was aroused during a sojourn in the country for the purpose of making a zoölogical collection for the Indian Museum in Calcutta. The immense significance in the world's history of the establishment of England's Indian empire—a significance that cannot be properly appreciated until her work there has become past history—gives the study of the origin of this empire a singular importance in the history of colonial expansion. In some degree this study deals not only indirectly but directly with the beginnings of English Indian dominion, for the province of Tenasserim in the British Burma of to-day was an important part of Siam in the seventeenth century.

The first European to visit the region was Nicolò di Conti, early in the fifteenth century. By the year 1600 Siam and Tenasserim had become familiar names to English merchants. The first trading-post was established at Patani on the east side of the Malayan peninsula. This is Dr. Anderson's point of departure. His narrative is based largely on manuscript sources in the India Office, and everywhere gives evidence of most careful and scholarly labor. The work ends with the breaking up of the trading-stations, which was a natural consequence of the Siamese revolution of 1688.

Upon their arrival at Patani, the English found the State "governed by a queen who was invariably elected from the same family, and always old and beyond child-bearing, so that there might be no inducement to marry." The reigning queen was "threescore yeeres of age, tall and full of Maiestie; in all the Indies we had seen few like her." This curious custom would perhaps seem less preposterous to subjects of the late Virgin Queen than to any other Europeans. The romantic career of the Siamese Prime Minister, Constant Phaulkon, forms an interesting background to several of Dr. Anderson's chapters. He was born in Cephalonia, but whether of Greek, Venetian, or Genoese extraction is unknown. Taken to England as a child, he early went to Siam as a cabin-boy, where he chose to remain employed as a factor. His fortune rapidly improving, he embarked upon a venture of his own, but three times suffered shipwreck. The last of these misfortunes put him in the way of helping an ambassador of the King of Siam, who had been wrecked in the same storm. The ambassador presented him to the royal Minister of Commerce, who, pleased with his bearing, made him chief merchant to the King. Upon the death of the Minister, Phaulkon, at the early age of thirty-three, was made Minister of Foreign Affairs, and put in charge of the finances. By the East India Company we find him styled "Grand Visier or Chief Minister of the King of Siam." He had been bred a Protestant, but in Siam he was converted to Catholicism by the Jesuit missionaries, and joined with them in urging the King to embrace Christianity.

The tolerant and philosophic attitude of the Buddhist ruler offers a suggestive contrast to that of the "Most Christian King," who was sending missionaries to convert him in the very year of the *dragonnades*. He expressed surprise that the French King should take "so strong an interest in an affair 'which seemed to belong to God, and which the Divine Being appears to have left entirely to our discretion'"; but he welcomed the missionaries and proposed to build them a magnificent church. The hostility with which the conservative element at court viewed the increasing influence of Christianity led to the revolution in which Phaulkon was almost the first victim. The mingled reverence and ruthlessness with which the royal family on this occasion were put out of the way is a curious illustration of the Oriental character. "These royal personages were first tied in sacks of the finest velvet, so that they might not be polluted with the touch of any vulgar hand, and then no ordinary 'instrument of mortality' compassed their deaths, as their lives were beaten out of them with great bars of the sweet-smelling eagle-wood, each sack with its mangled remains being then cast into the Menam."

In the latter years of this history, the eponymous hero and generous benefactor of Yale College plays a prominent but not very creditable part. But Elihu Yale is not the first patron saint to belie the poet's words about "the evil that men do." In one of the appendices Dr. Anderson has collected a great number of extracts from writers of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries illustrating the universal popularity of mum beer, while another contains an account of the burning of a wizard at Bombay, in 1671, that is fairly gruesome in its unstudied realism.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Adams, H. History of the United States. Vols. vii, viii, ix. The Second Administration of James Madison. Charles Scribner's Sons. $6.
Bartlett, Major W. C. An Idyl of War-Times. Lew Vanderpoole Publishing Co.
Beatrice, H. R. H. The Adventures of Count George Albert of Erbach. Scribner & Welford. $2.50.
Bell, Ernest. Handbook of Athletic Sports. Scribner & Welford. $1.40.
Bierbower, Austin. Socialism of Christ. Chicago: Charles H. Sergel & Co.
Boldrewood, R. A Colonial Reformer. Macmillan & Co. $1.25.
Church, Rev. A. J. Stories from the Bible. Macmillan & Co. $1.50.

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Connelly, Emma M. The Story of Kentucky. Boston: D. Lothrop Co.
Corbett, J. Sir Francis Drake. Macmillan & Co. 60 cents.
Fenn, G. M. Lady Maude's Mania. United States Book Co. 50 cents.
Foote, J. A. Private International Jurisprudence. Boston: The Boston Book Co.
Foster, Ardennes J. Broken Barriers. Belgravia Co. 50 cents.
Frink, H. A. Richard Henry Mather. Amherst, Mass.
Gibb, W. The Royal House of Stuart. Forty Plates in Colors drawn from Relics of the Stuarts. Macmillan & Co. $50.
Goodyear, C. A Message to China Decorators. Society of Decorative Art.
Halloway, Charlotte M. A Story of Five. E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.25.
Hamilton, Gail. A Washington Bible Class. D. Appleton & Co. $1.50.
Handbook of American Winter Resorts. D. Appleton & Co.
Hartland, E. S. The Science of Fairy Tales. Scribner & Welford. $1.25.
Hawthorne, Julian. Pauline. United States Book Co. 50 cents.
Hayes, M. F. Common Sense in China Painting. Westfield, N. J.: The Lakeside Press.
Hill, G. B. Worldly Wisdom of Lord Chesterfield. Oxford: The Clarendon Press; New York: Macmillan. $1.75.
Hyatt, A. Insecta. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. $1.
Jay, W. L. Bellerue, or The Story of Rolf. E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.25.
Johnston, Prof. A. A Shorter History of the United States. Henry Holt & Co.
Ladd, G. T. Outlines of Physiological Psychology. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.
Leyton, F. The Shadows of the Lake. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co.
Maclay, E. S. Journal of William Maclay, U. S. Senator from Pennsylvania 1789–1791. D. Appleton & Co. $2.50.
Maclean, Dr. G. E. A Chart of English Literature. Boston: Ginn & Co.
Maler, L. Wages of Sin. United States Book Co. 50 cents.
Malleson, Col. G. B. The Indian Mutiny. Scribner & Welford. $1.75.
Merriam, Dr. C. H., and Dr. L. Stejneger. North American Fauna. No. 3. Washington: Government Printing Office.
Morris, W. The Saga Library. Vol. I. London: Bernard Quaritch.
Mrs. Thrale. A Sketch of Her Life. Scribner & Welford. $2.50.
Nicolson, F. W. P. Terenti Afri Phormio. Boston: Ginn & Co.
Nield, Thomas. Oliver Cromwell: A Drama. The Argyle Press. $1.
Norris, W. E. Marcia. United States Book Co. 50 cents.
Norton, C. B. World's Fairs from London, 1851, to Chicago, 1893. Chicago: Milton Weston Co.
Ouroussov, Princess Mary. Education from the Cradle. Scribner & Welford. $1.
Payne's Business Pointers. Excelsior Publishing House. 25 cents.
Perry, A. L. Principles of Political Economy. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.
Petit, Rev. J. L. Architectural Studies in France. Scribner & Welford. $6.
Powers, E. War and the Weather. Delavan, Wis.: E. Powers.
Rolfe, Dr. J. C. P. Terenti Afri Heavton Timorvmenos. Text, with stage directions. Boston: Ginn & Co. 30 cents.
Ross, A. Her Husband's Friend. G. W. Dillingham.

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In this work Mr. Mason has, in an introductory chapter, traced the origin of the veto power in English and Colonial usage. He then analyzes the four hundred and thirty-three vetoes submitted between March 4, 1789, and March 4, 1889, and discusses them by classes. The appendices contain a full list of all the vetoes, with references to the Senate and House Journals; a tabulation of bills signed and vetoed by each President; a list of Confederate vetoes, for the first time printed; a comparison of State Consitutional provisions as to the veto, and a bibliography.

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